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'HANDS FREE' BATHTIME TOY (FOR MEN)

VIZ

ANOTHER
SPOILT
BASTARD
SIGNS FOR
MAN U

Issue 88

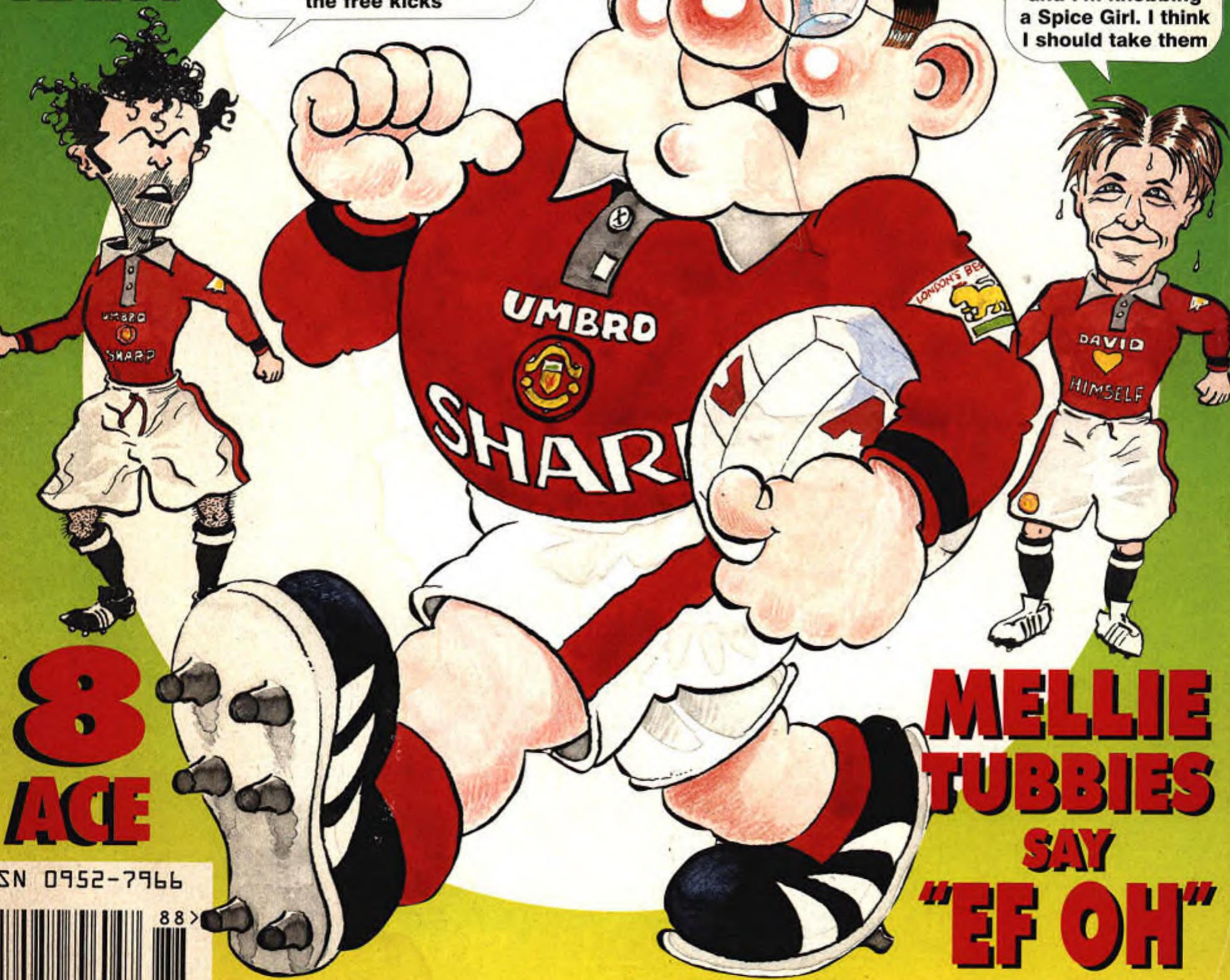
£1.60 (US \$3.95)
Not for sale to children

**STUDENT
GRANT**

It's MY ball and if I don't take the free
kicks I'm jolly well taking it home!

But I'm the new *non-alcoholic*
George Best. I always take
the free kicks

I'm Boy Wonder
and I'm knobbing
a Spice Girl. I think
I should take them



**8
ACE**

**MELLIE
TUBBIES
SAY
"EF OH"**

RAFFLES - THE GENTLEMAN THUG
couchtripper.com

ISSN 0952-7966

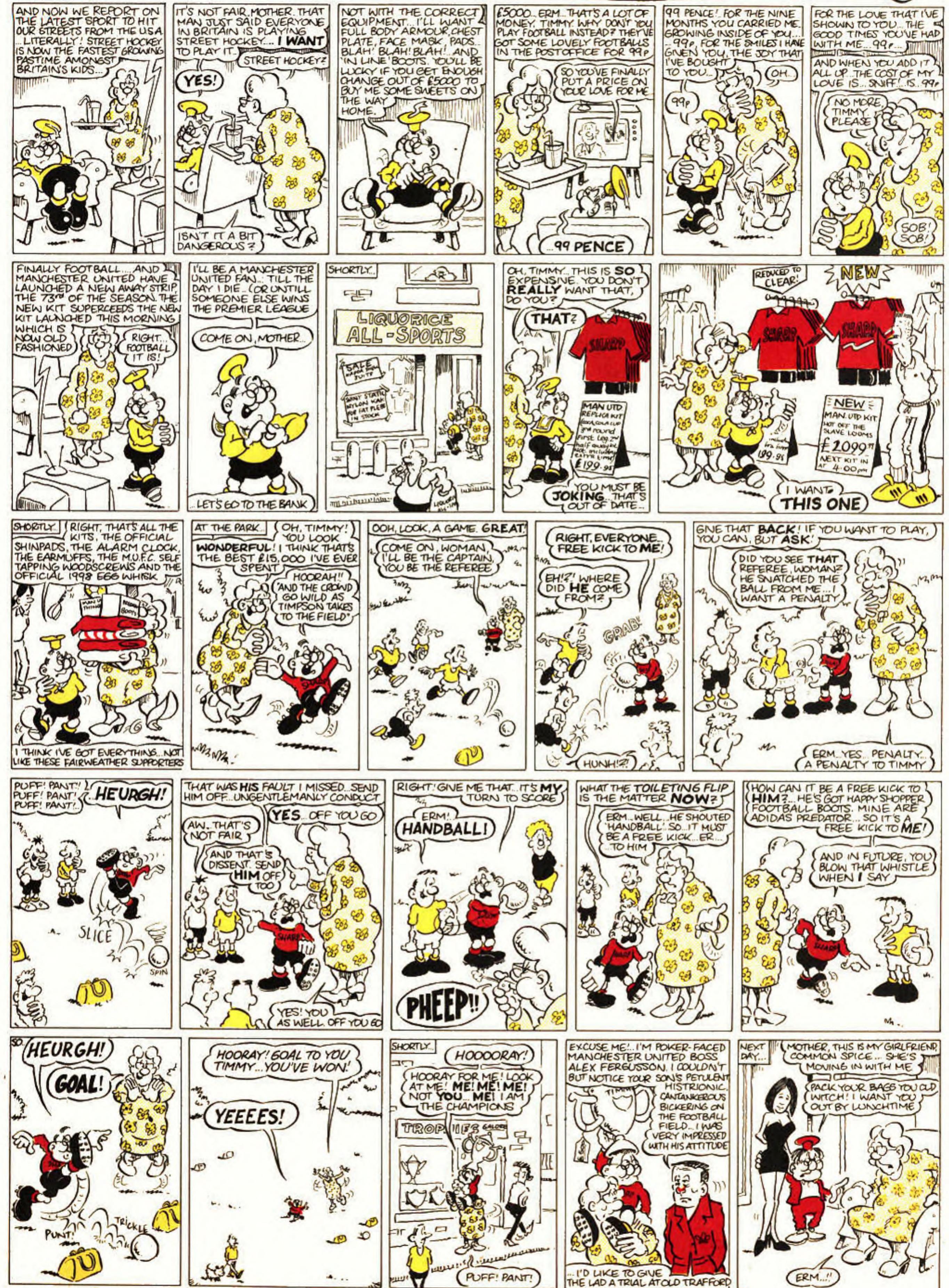
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SPOILT BASTARD

F.C.





Letterbooks

Telescope for improvement

A 'Titanic' page upon the ocean
of ideas, thoughts and strong emotion
Write to us with what you're thinking
Cos this mag is fucking sinking



TOP TIP

If Patrick Moore is such a good astrologer, how come he didn't see that tornado that ripped the roof off his observatory coming in the stars, eh?

Mrs Victoria Terrace Chigley

One simple way to modernise the monarchy would be to replace the Queen's image on all coins, stamps and banknotes with someone younger and more in-tune with the nineties. Posh



Spice would be the ideal candidate, and if her performance on Walker's crisp packets is anything to go by, she's already perfected the miserable cow expression which has become a Royal trademark down the years.

Monty Full Sheffield

TOP TIP

FOREIGN student tourists in groups of up to forty carrying rucksacks, tents etc. Try to work out where the fuck you're going BEFORE you enter the tube station at rush hour.

T. Munro Dagenham

Had Jeanette Krunkie been on board the Titanic she would have been the safest passenger on the ship. When they manned the lifeboats and the cry went out for "Women and children first", she would have qualified under both categories.

Edward Semi Norwich

Letterbooks
Viz, PO Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT
Fax 0191 281 9048
E-mail: web@johnbrown.co.uk

DRUG smugglers. Deter sniffer dogs by Sellotaping worm tablets to the outside of your luggage. Alternatively, try dangling a couple of clear plastic bottles full of water from your suitcase handles.

James Armstrong Australia

TOP TIP

A STAMP stuck to the side of a matchbox makes an ideal 'mini-TV' on which pet mice can 'watch' the Queen's speech.

Mr V. Mews Mayfair

Crappy Days



In response to Derek Knox (issue 86) who asked why the Fonz is considered cool despite the company he keeps. The Fonz is cool precisely because he hangs around with fuckwits like Cunningham, Potsy and Ralph Malph. If he were to hang around with James Dean, Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison, he would look a complete cunt.

Johnny Wood e-mail

TOP TIP

TOP UP half finished bottles of wine with cooking oil to prevent the air from spoiling it.

J. T. Thronton

Now scientists tell us that the chemicals produced by the body when ingesting a chocolate bar are similar to those produced when falling in love. Well, I don't know about other readers, but personally speaking I'd rather have a good shag than eat a Snickers bar, every time.

Adam Reece Galway, Ireland

TOP TIP

FEED bees oranges. Hey presto! They make marmalade instead of honey.

John Tait Thronton

Plane facts



TOP TIP

GENTLEMEN. Gauge the outside temperature using a 'plumometer'. Open your flies and dangling your plums in front of an open letterbox. If they shrink it is cold outside, if they go baggy it is warm, and if they remain the same size it is the same temperature outside as it is in the house.

A. Newman Castleford

Shit on it

In reply to Johnny Wood (this issue). James Dean, Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison are only considered 'cool' because they are dead. Had any of them lived long enough to appear in the Fonz no doubt they would also have been guesting on programmes like Seaside Special and Blankety Blank, in which case they would not have been cool, they would have been cunts.

T. F. Bungalow Colchester

The plane in which John Denver met his "Rocky Mountain High" was not, in fact, a Piper Comanche (Graeme McKenna, issue 87), but a Rutan VariEze. A revolutionary "canard" type DIY mail order design advertised in the early eighties as being buildable at home with tools "no more complex than what you have in your kitchen draw", the VariEze is made from polystyrene blocks covered with fibreglass. Powered by a golf buggy engine, this oversized Airfix kit is allegedly a pig to fly and probably reeked of plastic and glue. More like "Heaving in a kit plane", one would hazard.

Barnes Wally Tally Ho, Devon

Piss poor pub.

Following on from the Quim bar in a recent issue, whilst on a geography field trip in Tanzania we encountered this rather amusing watering hole, popular apparently with German tourists.

Liverpool Students on tour
1997
Liverpool



TOP TIP
TAPE a chocolate bar to the outside of your microwave. If the chocolate melts you will know that microwaves are escaping and it is time to have the oven serviced.

Terry Odgers
South Africa

No doubt Sid the Sexist and his mates would enjoy a night out at this bar we saw advertised in Paphos, Greece.

Grant Alexander
Edinburgh

I'm surprised it hasn't come to anyone else's notice before but surely Spoilt Bastard should be a Man United fan? He doesn't live in Manchester, his home town has its own team (Fulchester United), he's an only child, his parents buy him anything he wants, he hates losing, he's crap at sport, he has no friends etc. I rest my case.

Gary Wright
e-mail

* Nah. That's a crap idea.

Is it just me, or is Casualty not funny anymore?

James Richmond
e-mail

VIDEO GAMES
POOL TABLES
& TARTS

CAN I BORROW YOUR CAR?
... MINE'S RUN OUT OF PETROL

YOU'VE GOT A
BEAR FACED
CHEEK



Hotel reservations

Johnny Wood (this issue) is irresponsible. By giving the false impression that death leads to eternal 'cool' he will only encourage more fading stars to book into hotels and take overdoses, perform potentially lethal sex acts etc., leaving underpaid and overworked staff like us to deal with the consequences.

The Night Porter
Columbia Hotel
London

TOP TIP

MICRA drivers. Attach a lighted sparkler to the roof of your car before starting a journey. You drive the things like fucking dodgem cars, so may as well look like one.

J. T.
Thropton

Why has my chocolate advent calendar got a 'best before' date on it? When the fuck else am I going to eat it? Mid March?

Peter Jarvis
e-mail

TOP TIP

MAKE use of Christmas tree lights all year round. Lay them on the floor between your bed and the toilet. Hey presto! Runway style lights to guide you safely towards the lavatory at night.

Tom Rice
Edinburgh

In reply to the previous letter from the smart arse with an advent calendar. The 'best before' date could, for example, prevent surplus stock from last year being sold and consumed next Christmas.

Mr. L. Villa
Pontop Pike

In reply to Trevor Hall's letter (issue 87) regarding Alan Titchmarsh and his friend in the toilet at Finchley Road tube station. Salahah is situated in the south of the Sultanate of Oman, on the coast about 100 miles from the border with the Yemen Arab Republic. Who "John" is or why he went there I do not know. Perhaps you should write to Gardeners Question Time.

Chris Weldon
Moscow

TOP TIP

EARTHWORMS can easily be plaited to make an emergency tow-rope.

J. T.
Thropton

Cheshire twats

If I was Louise Woodward I'd rather spend 15 years in a US jail than return home to all those pub dwelling, burger faced harridans who we saw campaigning for her release on TV. Fucking witches, the lot of 'em.

Stephen Hewitt
Middlesbrough

I was interested to see Herr Von Watson's picture of Morrissey working on catalytic converters in a German car factory (issue 87). I recently spotted X Files agent Mulder, alias Red Shoes porn actor David Duchovny, depositing an oily rag into a 240 litre capacity galvanised wheeled refuse receptacle, also in Germany.

Matt Jones
Bury St. Edmunds

A grand Di out

Pictures of a smiling Diana having fun with her children at Alton Towers are etched in all of our memories, so rather than a dowdy museum and a walking tour perhaps Earl Spencer should open a Princess Diana theme park at his Althorp estate, with state of the art rides and exciting attractions for all the family. We could then all pay our own very personal tribute by queuing for hours to get in, and forking out a fortune to go on all the rides.

A. Tenament
Glasgow

P.S. By the way I wrote this letter BEFORE a spoof advert for 'Althorp Towers' appeared in Private Eye.

TOP TIP
FARTS stored in a washing up liquid bottle can be ignited and used as an underwater welding torch for those tricky but essential emergency plug chain repairs.

John Tait
Thropton

It's snow joke

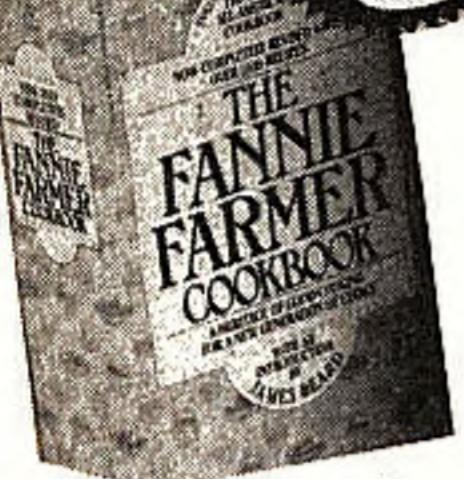
I went bobsleighing this Christmas. I killed Bob Holness, Bob Monkhouse and Bob Carolees. Do any other readers have jokes that work better when said out aloud as opposed to written down?

Alex Walsh-Atkins
Moseley, Birmingham



Now we're cooking with gash

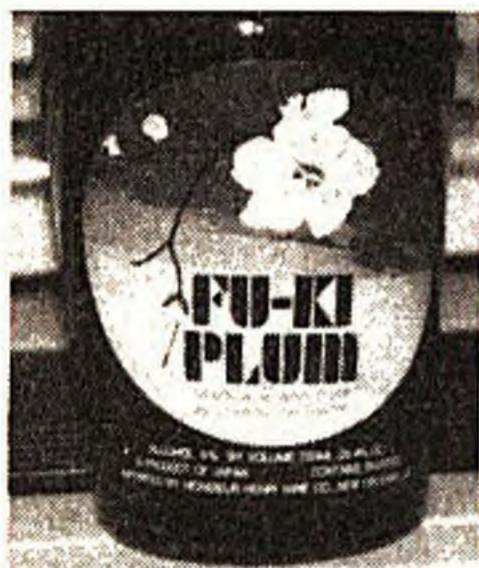
FOR ONLY
\$5 EACH



□ Readers may be interested in this bizarre cook book which I spotted on sale in New York. For people who grow their own fannies, recipes include hairy pie, haddock pastie, split kipper stuffed with pork, etc.

The Gort
New York

* American readers. For 'hairy pie, haddock pastie' etc. please read 'battered chocolate starfish, spam alley surprise' etc.



□ By the way, I also spotted this bottle of top shelf plonk at my local offy next to the Spanish Fly. It's plum juice, ideal served at room temperature as an accompaniment to a sausage sandwich, or a poured into a lamb kebab during cooking.

The Gort
New York

TOP TIP
TRAIN passengers between Reading and Wokingham. Please don't shuffle up to me impatiently for the ten minutes before you are due to leave the train just because my bicycle appears to be blocking the exit. I get off at Wokingham too.

Eddie Beagle
Farnborough

□ I saw cinema in Cape Town called the 'Labia', but I forgot to take a photo. Do I still get £5?

T. D.
Ayfor

* Sorry, no.

□ Now that we're supposed to be falling in line with other EC countries, like the lemmings we are, isn't it about time our piss-poor pornography was brought up to standard? I suggest Viz readers write to their Euro MPs pointing out that even the Germans have got better wanking munition than we have. And will they do anything about it? Will they fuck. Those fat, idle, Eurocrat bastards already enjoy access to the top continental filth, at our expense.

C. Lingus
Porthmadog, Gwynedd

Thorough-fair point

□ All roads lead to Rome, or so they say. Not the A57. I drove along it the other day and ended up in Worksop.

Chas Newman
Sheffield

□ Scott Fuller of Lewisham (issue 87) makes a good point about the singing of the Beach Boys. Except that 'Walk Like A Man' was recorded by The Four Seasons.

Chollis
Frenchay, Bristol

TOP TIP

HEAVY smokers. Make yourself think you smoke less by emptying your ashtray at regular intervals.

Nathan-Madonna Byers

□ If the Church of England is serious about preventing congregations from dwindling any further perhaps they could think about doing the communion wafers, which represent the body of Christ, in a range of popular 'snack' flavours, such as salt'n'vinegar, or smokey bacon. And instead of communion wine, how about a selection of cocktails, and communion alcopops for the kids. I'd welcome the views of vicars on this subject.

P. Sprout
Burnley

You Asda

laugh

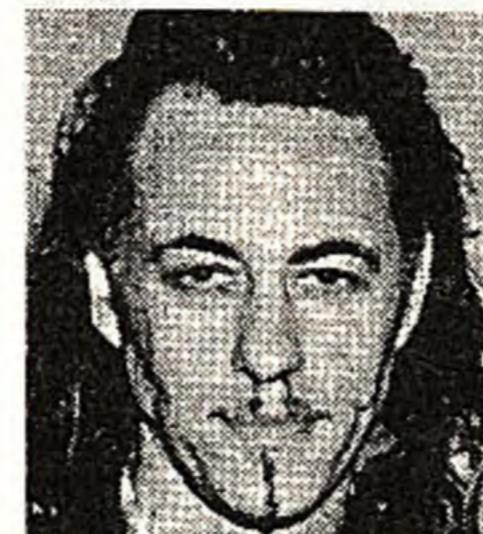
□ I was shopping in Asda recently when I spotted a sign above the check-out saying 'Your Problems Are Our Problems'. I had to laugh, because I'm due to appear in court next week on three charges of shoplifting.

T.B.
Swindon

TOP TIP

FLU sufferers. Split your colourful phlegm into a lemonade bottle then pop it on top of your TV. Hey presto. A fashionable sixties style lava lamp.

Haydn C. Vickerman
Macclesfield



□ Sir Bob Geldof, who wrote the line "There won't be snow in Africa this Christmas" has obviously never been up mount Kilimanjaro.

M. Boardman
Stockport

Song sung untrue

□ 'Fame! We're gonna live forever, we're gonna learn how to fly', sang the entire cast of the beginning of the early eighties TV show Fame. Well, almost twenty years on, two of them are dead and not one of them can fly yet. I bet they're feeling pretty stupid now.

M. T. Moose
Biggleswade

TOP TIP

A LIGHT dusting of flour makes ideal 'snow on the track' for OO scale railway modellers who can't be arsed to run their train set on time this winter.

A. Bond
London SE7

VIZ



SUBSCRIPTIONS

Hi. Sally the subs girl is out of hospital now, but her husband Gary won't let her out the house in case she goes with sailors. So I'm doing the subs advert again in my woolly hat and with my freezing arse which, once again, I am warming on this gas fire. Mmmmm.

Have Viz delivered to your door

Mmm! That's better. My frozen buttocks are beginning to thaw. If you want to receive Viz hot off the presses every bi-month it costs £9.60 for 1 year (6 issues) or £19.20 for 2 years. (Overseas rates: £13 for 1 year, £26 for 2 years). To receive more than one copy (at the same address) costs an extra £6.50 per extra copy, per year, in the UK (£7.50 overseas). Mmmmm. I'm starting to get the feeling back in my ring now. Ooh, that's nice...

and get a FREE Sid the Sexist book

If you sign up to Viz for 2 years NOW you will receive a FREE copy of Sid the Sexist's JOYS OF SEXISM, normally £6.99. Aaaaah! My buttocks are starting to warm up quite nicely now. To order a subscription fill in the form while I continue to warm my arse.

Dear Lady with a woolly hat and a freezing arse,
Please send me Viz for _____ years starting with issue No. _____

Name _____

Address _____

Post code _____

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else - as a gift perhaps - fill in their details above, and your own name and address below. If the subscription is for yourself, just fill in the bit above, and go straight onto the ticky boxes.

My name _____

Address _____

Post code _____

I enclose a cheque/PO for £..... crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

Look, I need time to raise that kind of money. But I'm good for it. So please debit my Visa/Mastercard/Eurocard American Express/Diners Club/Connect Card/Switch (delete as applicable)

Card No. / / /

Card type Expiry date

If paying by Switch, issue number

Post to this form to: Lady with a woolly hat and freezing arse,
Viz, FREEPOST (SW6096), Bristol, BS32 0BR.
Or ring the telephone hotline on (01454) 620 070.

Australia: Lady with corks on her hat and a sweaty arse, Gordon & Gotch, Subs Division, Private Bag 290, Burwood, Victoria 3125. (Cheques payable to Gordon & Gotch Ltd.). America: Lady with the fattest arse you've ever seen, Viz Subs, 3330 Pacific Avenue, Suite 404, Virginia Beach, VA 23451-2983. Or call our toll free telephone number in US & Canada - 1 888 428 6676.

Ouch!! While you were reading that bit my arse has got really hot. In fact I think I've singed my knickers. I'd better get off now before my muff goes a'had. Look out for my friend, the Lady with the frosty tits. She has details of back issues on the following page.

Warning! Unless you tick this box the girl with a freezing arse will sell your details to other businesses who will then bombard you with

Cuntundrum

A colleague at work called me a thick cunt when I told him the letters are sent in by readers in Letterbooks. He says you make them up yourselves. Who is the thick cunt? Me or him?

P. Andrews
Birkenhead

* You're both right Mr Andrews. Most of the letters are indeed genuine, but you are still a thick cunt.

TOP TIP

RICHARD Branson. Instead of wasting time and money chasing balloons across the desert, why not employ a few more people to answer the bloody phone when people are trying to book a seat on one of your bloody awful trains?

W. E. Walker
Holme, Lancs.

Dolphins, intelligent? My arse. How come despite years of evolution and their highly advanced system of language, they still haven't invented a phrase for "Look out over there mate, tuna nets!".

David Gunnerson
Conservation Biologist
Surrey



I knew they were all sheep shaggers, but I had no idea that country folk were all bishop bashers too.

Richard Scullard
Bristol

During the cold war the barrier around Eastern Europe was known as the "Iron Curtain". Does this mean that the barrier which prevents us from exporting beef to Europe is the "Beef Curtain"? If so Meat Minister John Cunningham should tell French housewives to open up their beef curtains and let us in.

Martin Harwood
Eccleshill, Bradford

P.S. And they should show us their tits as well.

I doubt whether WHSmith coined their slogan 'Whatever They're Into, Get Into WHSmith' with my 11 year old nephew Jamie in mind. His parents abandoned him on the streets last year and he is currently getting into child prostitution and crack cocaine.

Sean Miller
Daventry

Further to the previous letter. I doubt WH Smith had my 14 year old son in mind either. Since he's been connected to the Internet he's been getting into Bondage, Wet and Messy, Deep Throat, Spanking Sluts and Golden Showers.

Mrs S. Accommodation
Huddersfield

TOP TIP

ADD a spoonful of wallpaper paste to tea or coffee before serving for safer, 'non-drip' beverages.

John Tait
Thropton

Opponents of fox hunting foolishly suggest that drag hunting would be an adequate replacement for our sport. Well I for one would take no pleasure from hunting foxes dressed in women's clothing.

E.B. Poole
Northumberland

Corny

I think anyone who pays to see a chiropodist needs to have their feet examined. Or something like that.

John O'Connor
e-mail

No sign of Jimmy Hill, but I spotted Sinn Fein's very own Gerry Adams enjoying a swift glass of Guinness in Student Grant, issue 87. Do I win anything?

Dave Goodes
Exeter



I spotted Desperate Dan selling the Big Issue in 8 Ace as well as Gerry Adams having a Guinness. I also spotted the name of God on Biffa's mum, and knew that Napoleon did indeed have a nephew called Louis. But then again, I'm a bit sad.

Gabriel
Bristol



* Lots of you spotted the mystery stars, but Dave and Gabriel's letters were the first out of the hat, and purely by coincidence neither of them included an address. So we can't send them any prizes. Better luck next time.

TOP TIP

ADVENTUROUS lovers. Sprinkle talcum powder on each other's rings, then lie on the floor and fart up in the air to send each other sexy 'bum-smoke signals' across the bedroom.

Adrian Bond
London SE7

I thought the local council had gone too far with their traffic calming measures when I drove over a 'sleeping policemen' on the drive outside my house. Then I realised, it was my husband. He is a police officer and had nodded off in his deck chair after doing some gardening.

Luckily the doctors saw the funny side, although they tell me my husband may never walk again.

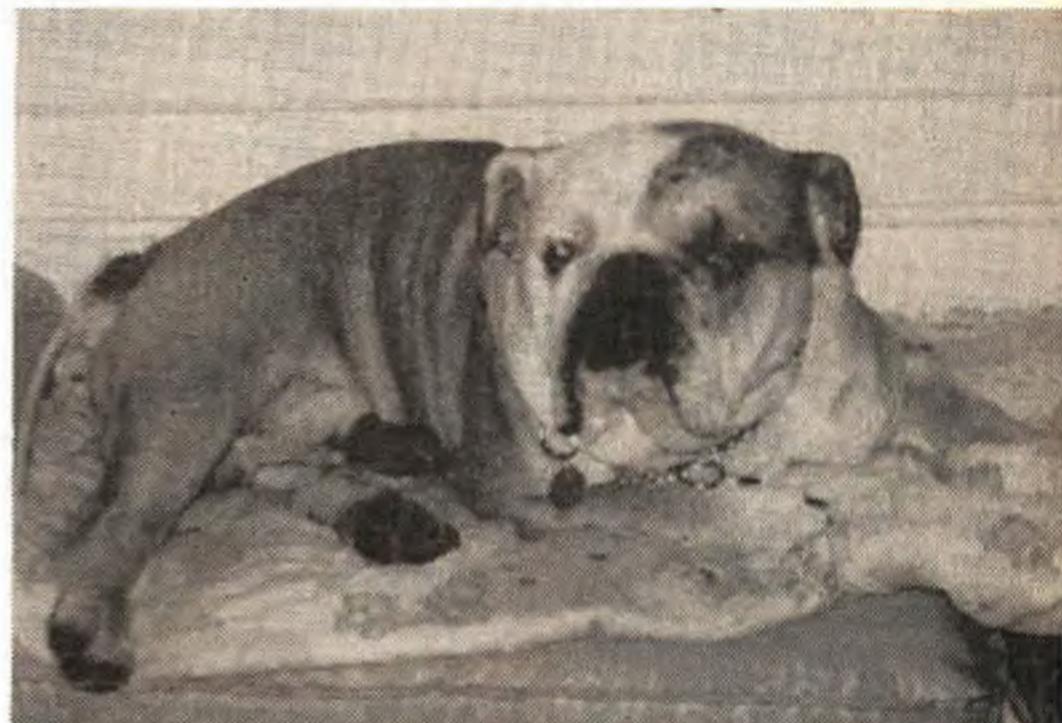
Mrs B. Idiot
Hove

TOP TIP

COLLECT all the loose breadcrumbs from the bottom of fish finger boxes etc. You'll be surprised at how quickly you'll have enough to make a new loaf.

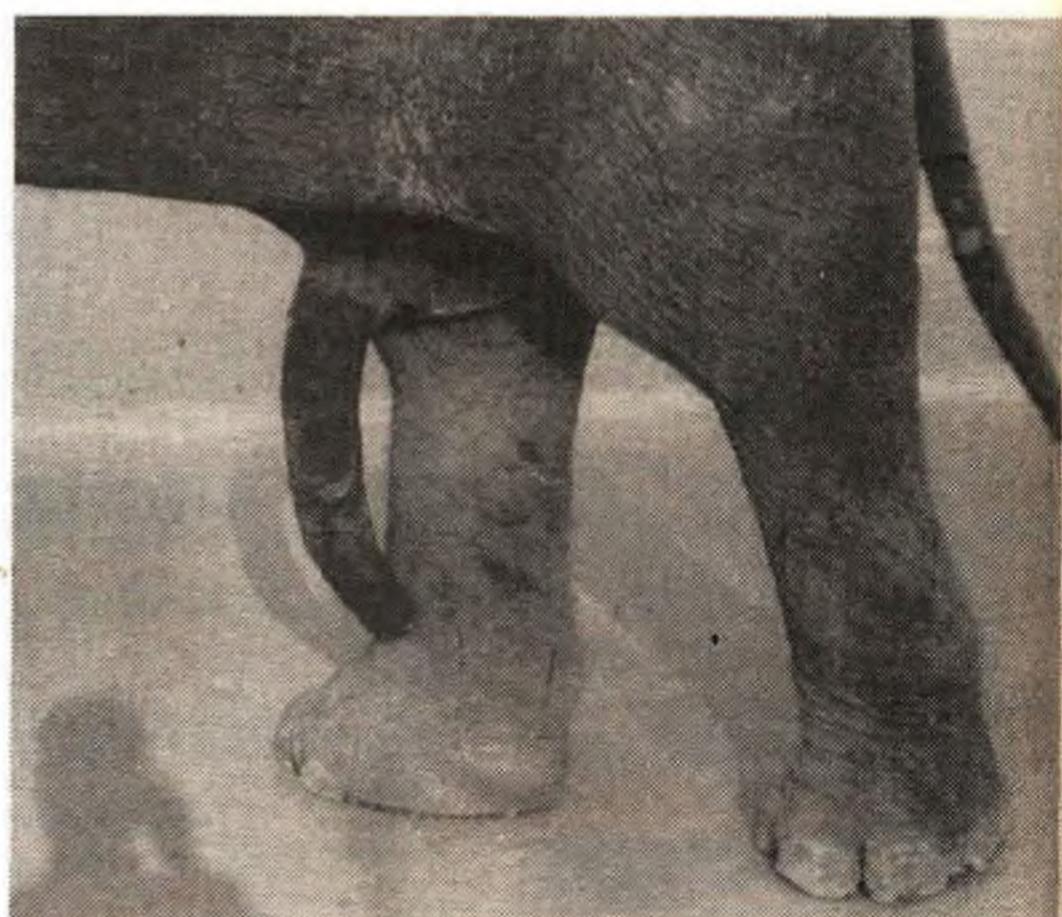
J. T.
Thropton

Give the dog a bone on



Yo bitches! Nick nack paddy whack, look what I've got between my legs!

Winston, c/o A. Horton, Nottingham



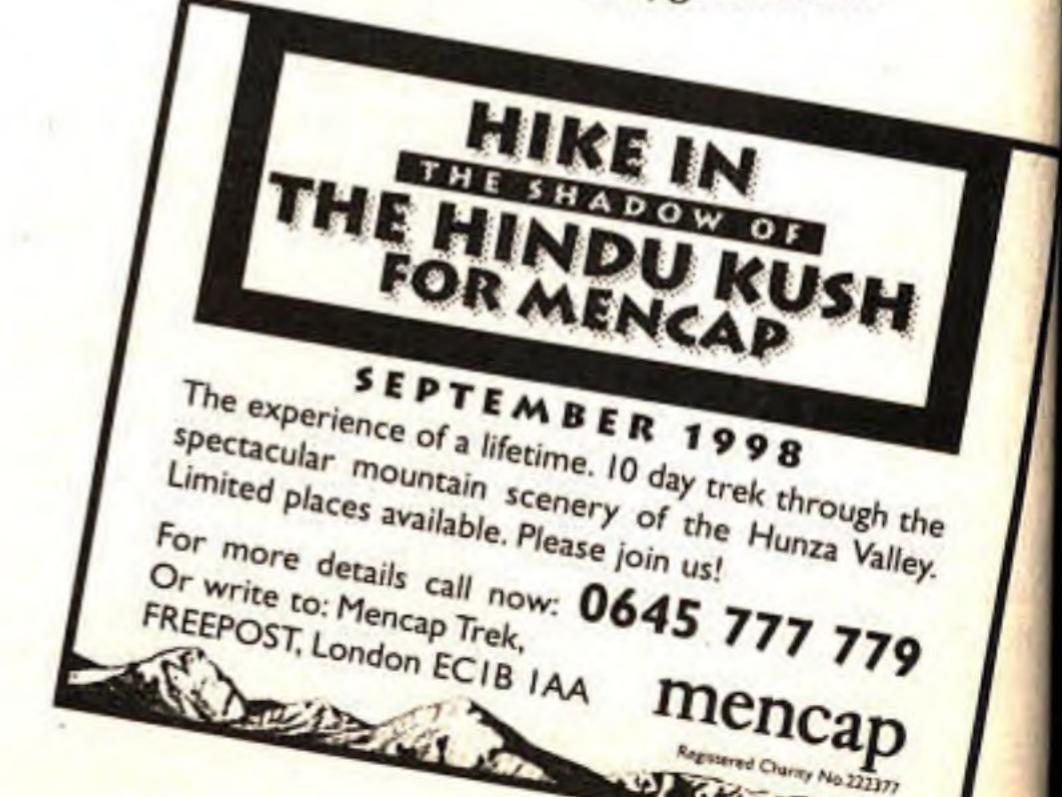
I spotted THIS on an elephant in Thailand during my travels this summer. And it's NOT for picking buns up.

Anthony Wilcock
Chiswick

us on our sponsored trek in the shadow of the Hindu Kush mountain range readers can help raise vital funds for Mencap, and doubtless avail themselves of numerous animal cock photographic opportunities along the way. I have enclosed a small advertisement. We cannot afford to pay for it, but I hope that you can squeeze it in somewhere for free. Photographs of animals cocks permitting.

Marie Hogan
Fund Raising Officer
Mencap

* Oh, go on then.



STARWATCH

Ruud behaviour



□ I know it's about a year too late, but I'd like to nominate Ruud Gullit as a celebrity cunt. The bastard sat behind me in a cinema in West London and proceeded to translate the whole of Jerry McGuire into Dutch for the benefit of his girlfriend.

Tony Warren
London W14

TOP TIP

MAKE people think you work in the zoo by going to work wearing a wet suit and carrying a bucket of fish.

John Chant
e-mail

□ Some years ago I spotted the thinking man's Noel Edmonds, Clive Anderson, with his wife and baby in Pizza Express, Islington Green. After a while the baby began to cry non-stop. I leaned across, hoping to be of assistance, and said "Why don't you silence the kid with a witty put down?"



Judging by the look he gave me he didn't find it very funny either, but unlike anyone he's ever interviewed on TV, at least he allowed me to finish my sentence.

Thomas Bradstock
Doha, Qatar

STARS in their TOILETS

□ Whilst nipping into the gents at San Francisco airport last summer I met Andy Bell from pop duo Erasure who fortunately was on his way out. I went in and had a good look around for Vince Clark before cautiously getting my knob out.

Andy D.
Leicester

Brown jewels



□ I'm one of your growing army of young, trendy readers. I was in the merchant navy during the early sixties and met some Royal Navy boys who'd worked on Britannia. They hadn't shared a loo with the Royals, but they'd tampered with the plumbing and managed to catch one of Princess Margaret's dog eggs which they kept proudly displayed on a red cushion. By all accounts it made Bjork's gut strainer (issue 87) look like a chipolata.

H. A.
Littlehampton

TOP TIP

A MOUSE trap placed on top of your alarm clock will prevent you from rolling over and going back to sleep.

Tom Rice
Edinburgh

□ I managed to accidentally spray the then Chancellor Kenneth Clarke's famous Hush Puppies as we shared a urinal at Fleet motorway services in October 1994.

Jon Brown
Hampshire

Robbo's knobbo



□ I syphoned the python next to Bryan Robson in a Manchester hotel during the 80s when he was out on the hoy with Kevin Moran, Paul McGrath and Norman Whiteside. I can't criticise his bladder capacity - he must have pissed about ten pints in one go - but his 'red (or purple) devil' was not what you'd expect from the captain of England.

Michael French Sheldon, Birmingham

TOP TIP

ANGLERS. Attach a helium balloon to your line and bait the hook with an acorn. Then sit under a tree and 'fish' for squirrels. An upturned laundry basket would make an ideal keep net, but don't forget to throw the squirrels back into the tree at the end of the day.

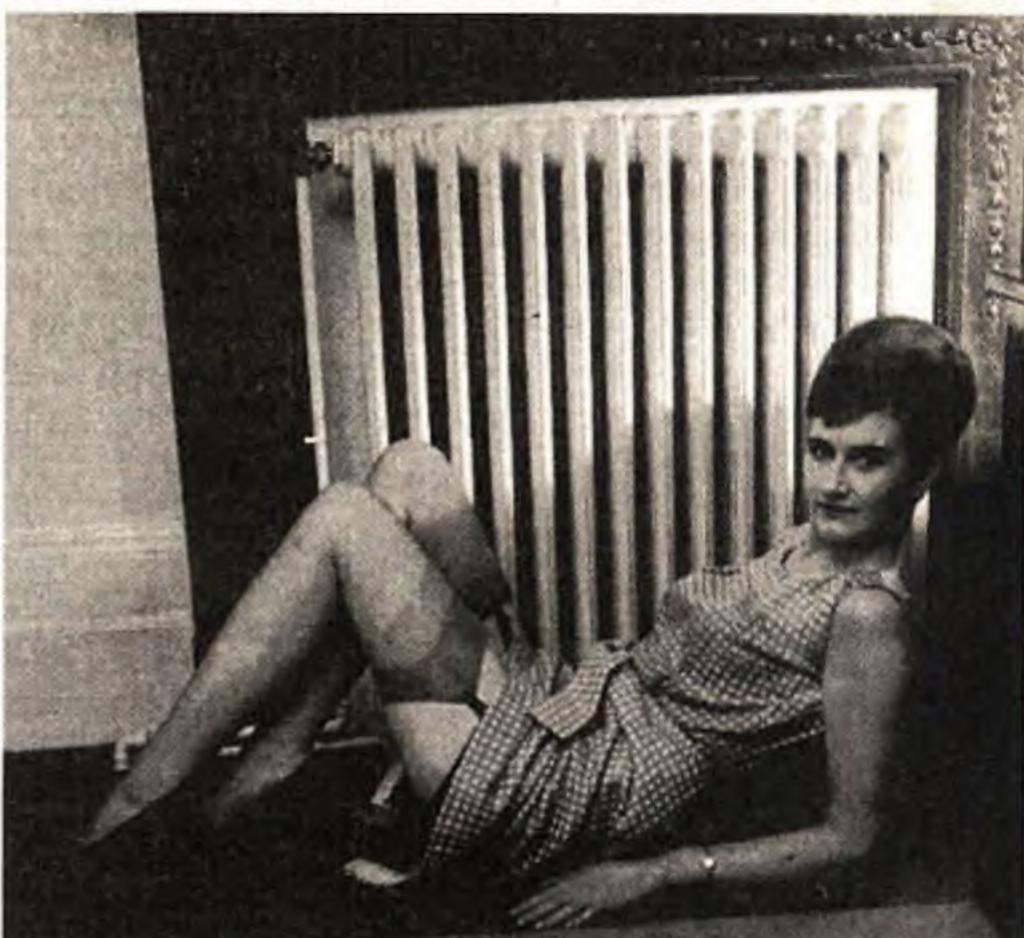
G. Mansion
West Hampstead



□ Next time brainy twat Jeremy Paxman starts bullying one of his Newsnight guests they should try asking him whether he washes his hands after he's used the toilet. I stood next to him at Paddington station toilets last year and he definitely did not. A smug swot he may be, but hygienic he isn't.

Lee Allberry Evesham

VIZ BACK ISSUES



Hi. I'm the Lady with suspenders on and frosty cold tits. I'll just lie back and warm up my icy knockers next to this radiator while you order your Viz back issues. The back issues still available are represented by baubles on this Christmas tree what I have drawn using a computer.

Colour in the baubles of the back issues what you require using felt tip pens or crayons and send us this form together with a cheque or postal order. Back issues costs £1.50 each plus postage. 50p postage for one comic, £1 for five or less, and £1.50 for six or more. (Overseas customers then add 20% of the total and pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank).

Tick one of the following boxes to indicate how you are paying. If you tick the second box, because you are paying by credit card, fill in your credit card number in the third box, which I have done credit card number shaped to make it easy for you.

- I enclose cheque/postal order crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.
- I wish to pay by credit card, and my credit card number is in the next box which is credit card shaped.

Card type _____ Expiry date _____

--	--	--

Name _____

Address _____

Post code _____

Brrrrrr! My nipples is like icicles. This radiator's not very hot. It must have air in it. I think I'll call the plumber. While he's here the plumber and me will take a look at your order forms and decide who we think has made the best job of colouring in the baubles on the Christmas tree what I drew. As well as their comics our lucky winner will receive 100 ready-basted turkey's, a box of crackers, a selection of cheeses and a year's supply of Brazil nuts. So send in those orders today.

Send your order to: The Lady with suspenders and frosty cold tits (and the plumber),
Viz Orders, Customer Interface, Bradley Pavilions,
Bradley Stoke North, BS32 0PP.
Credit card phone orders (01454) 620070

Maggot out of Hell

□ I was fortunate enough to stand next to Meatloaf in the pisser at Cohuna National Park in Perth, the day after his concert in Bindoon, Western Australia in 1991. Outside, my wife was desperate to know how big his cock was.

Meat loaf? I've seen more meat in a Linda McCartney sausage roll.

Ray Galloway
e-mail

TOP TIP

FELLAS. Save time in the bathroom by washing your teeth while you're having a piss. The rocking motion of the brushing action creates a gentle 'shake', perfect for removing those last drops of urine.

P. James
San Francisco

□ In the late summer of 1990 at a beachside taverna on the Cycladean island of Paros I sat on a shitter still warm from the tanned, taught, tucked and toned bumhole of pioneering fitness video sex goddess Jane Fonda. What's more, a bucket was provided for used toilet tissue (to prevent it from floating into the Aegean sea) and I spotted one sheet bearing evidence of tell-tale yellow sweetcorn grains and the generally granular smearings of a high fibre diet. I have kept it as a souvenir ever since.

Chris Chunderhill
Burton-on-Trent

TOP TIP

EX PATS. Subscribe to Viz while you're away. Don't ask your brother Keith to send you a copy, or the useless bastard will make sure you never see a single issue.

Andrew Walker
Corbeta, Italy

□ Just before he committed suicide I drained in the next pan to Peter Bellamy, the famous folk singer and songwriter who none of the thick, ignorant bastards who read your magazine will have heard of.

Mike Scott
Nottingham

STARS on the SCROUNGE

□ I spotted George Dawes off Shooting Stars cadging free tickets off an Arsenal player outside Highbury before the Arsenal versus Blackburn game on 13th December last year. And he's a short arse too.

A. Ambrose
Bishops Stortford

* Has a tight arsed star ever tried to cadge anything off you? A cigarette perhaps, or a pen? Or coins for a phone. We want you to name and shame the famous freeloaders. Write to: Stars on the Scrounge, Viz, P.O. Box 1 PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. (Could the man in the petrol station who asked for Les Gray out of Mud's autograph please write again. We've lost your letter).

SPICE SHAG '98

* In the last issue we asked you in what order you would prefer to shag the Spice Girls. Here's a few of your comments, followed by our definitive Top 5 Spice Girls Shagging Order of Preference Chart compiled using all your votes.

□ Rather than shag them all I'd prefer to shag Baby Spice five times cos she's the only one who looks happy, and I'd certainly keep that smile on her face.

J. A.
Hereford

□ I wouldn't shag any of them, cos they're all fucking trannies, the lot of 'em.

Monty,
Edinburgh

□ How come Posh Spice is called posh? You get classier birds on the Co-op check-out.

James Copp-Taylor
e-mail

□ I wouldn't shag any of them. I'd just line 'em all up and spank my monkey at them.

Jimmy
Banja Luka, Bosnia

□ Ginger Spice is an ugly fat wench yet she still gets voted best of the five in all these popular men's magazines which are just pornos for men who want to bash one out over classy birds rather than your usual old trouts you get in magazines such as Razzle. Give me Backflip Spice any day of the week.

Denver
Nottingham

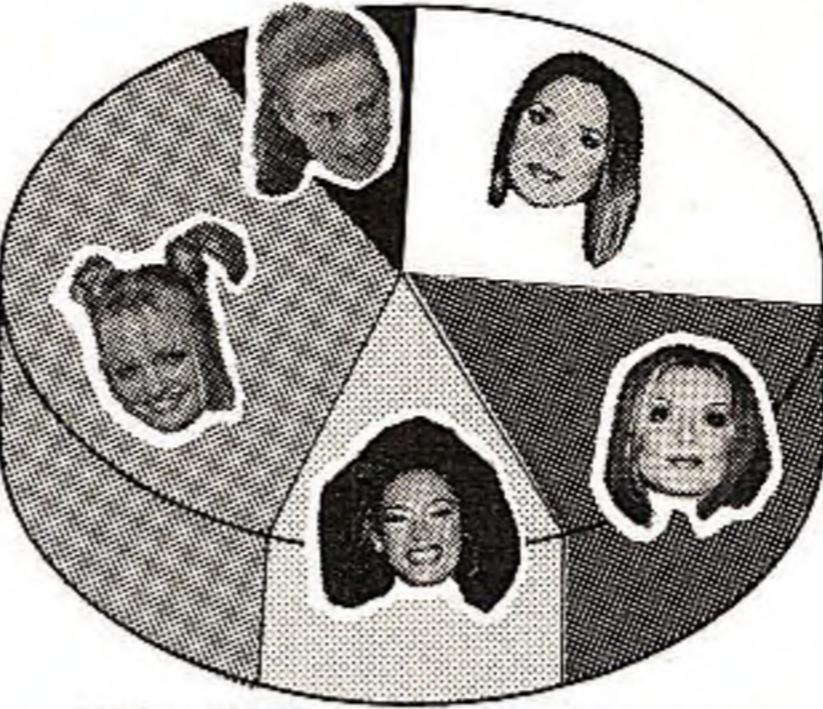
Never mind the Spice Girls. This is the order we would shag the Teletubbies.

1. Tinky Winky
2. Dipsy
3. La La
4. Po

Simon Day and Ian Cardy
Enfield

* Here's how you voted...

HAIRY PIE CHART



Spice Girls in Official Order of Shagability
1st Baby, 2nd Posh, 3rd Ginger, 4th Scary, 5th Sporty
Percentages of vote: Baby 29%, Posh 25%, Ginger 19%, Scary 16%, Sporty 11%

LONELY LAGS

We've had tons of letters from prisoners wanting pen friends but none of you sent tobacco. So instead we're having a Viz Interesting Prisoner of the Month award. If you're in jail, write and tell us about how interesting you are. In each issue we'll publish the three best letters, and our readers can decide whether or not you're interesting enough to write to.

State Pen-pal

□ My name is Michael Norris, I'm 39, American, and I've been on death row in Texas for 11 years, which is pretty interesting I think. I'd seriously like to hear from anyone seeking a sincere and long term pen-friendship.

Michael Norris 873,
Ellis One 19, 2-3,
Huntsville, Texas 77343,
USA

□ My mum and dad are going to Spain this month. Would it be possible for you to play 'Viva Espana' by that woman with the tree trunk legs before eight o'clock on Tuesday morning.

VB2973 Smith,
HMP Fleet, Channings
Wood, Denbury, Newton
Abbot, Devon TQ12 6DW

□ My name is Graham Morgan, I'm 35, single, and a big fan of The Stranglers. I come from Ebbw Vale, and my mum used to babysit for the Nolan sisters when she lived in Dublin. I have appeared on 'You've Been Framed' banging my head on a microphone, and in 1990 my ex-girlfriend was on Johnny Ball's Think Of A Number Show.

AF69923 G. Morgan
H.M.P. Cardiff, 1 Kno
Road, Cardiff, CF2 1U

* Congratulations Graham! You are this month's most interesting prisoner. If you think you're an interesting prisoner, write to us at Prisoner of the Month, Viz P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Please keep your letters brief and interesting.



STRICTLY
LIMITED QUALITY

Announcing

Rajah! *-Lord of the Hallway*

By Victor Giraffe

Introducing yet another
limited edition work of art

Inspired by the noble majesty and imposing grandeur of the elephant's foot umbrella stand, Bedde & Brekfest are literally giddy with pride to present a limited edition masterpiece by Victor Giraffe, whose name is the very antithesis of quality.

This is *Rajah! Lord of the Hallway*, the fruits of a lunchtime's labour. Mere words will never be enough to conceal the paucity of the craftsmanship which brought this *piece de cague* to life. The realism isn't such that the magnificent beast could have been shot and crudely dismembered only yesterday.

Cast in the finest Formosan Porcelain, a blend of sawdust, torn up newspaper and wallpaper paste, each handcrafted sculpture stands a proud 3/4 of an inch high. In addition, your work of art comes complete with a certificate of authenticity attesting to its status as a Bedde and Brekfest original (ie. a piece of paper saying that it was made by the people who made it).

ORDURE FORM

Rajah! Lord of the Hallway

Please accept my commission for *Rajah! Lord of the Hallway*, to be hand crafted for me in a huge factory in the Third World. I have looked everywhere on this page to see how much it will cost but have drawn a blank. Please send it me anyway. I will be given the opportunity to pay by cheque, postal order, credit card, cash, valuables or knees.

Post to: **Berde & Brekfest Fine Art Consultants, Here Today House, Gone Tomorrow Trading Estate, Dust, Bedfordshire.**

Mr/Mrs/Miss _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Please allow 12 months for delivery before calling Watchdog.



The Artist

Victor Giraffe was born in 1975 in Brighton. He studied Tat Sculpture at the Royal College of Shit Things where he gained an Heirloom Quality individually hand numbered degree. He currently lives in the heart of London's gallery land in a doorway in Bond Street and wears six balaclavas.





GARRY BUSHELL THE BEAR



A black and white cartoon illustration of a bear hibernating in a rock formation. The bear is curled up in a large, light-colored rock crevice. A speech bubble above the bear contains the text "GARRY'S CAVE". Below the bear, another speech bubble contains the text "HIBERNATING! DO NOT DISTURB". A large, stylized word "SNORE" is written in a cloud-like shape at the bottom left. The background shows a dense forest of tall trees.

A black and white cartoon illustration of two men in hard hats and plaid shirts standing in a forest. One man holds a sign that reads "MARRY'S CAVE" and "PERMITTING DISTURB". The other man has a speech bubble above him that says "HERE'S AN EMPTY CAVE, HANK. WE'LL STOP IN HERE FOR A BREATHER".

NEXT DOOR

SNORE!

HUH? WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

CLUMP BUMP

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S MOVING INTO THE NEXT CAVE. I WONDER WHO IT IS

KNOWING MY LUCK, IT'LL BE
A FAMILY OF BLOODY
POLAR BEARS

NOT THAT I'VE GOT ANYTHING
AGAINST POLARS. BUT
THEY COME OVER HERE, THEY
TAKE ALL THE FISH. BREED
LIKE RABBITS, TOO.

A black and white cartoon strip. At the top, a speech bubble contains the text: "I'LL PROBABLY BE KEPT AWAKE ALL NIGHT BY THEIR LOUD RHYTHMIC POLAR BEAR MUSIC". Below this, a large polar bear is shown from the waist up, looking slightly to the right with a weary expression. At the bottom, another speech bubble contains the text: "THEY'RE NOT THE SAME AS US BROWN BEARS, SEE. IT'S A CULTURAL THING".

I'M NOT STANDING FOR THIS

I'M GOING TO WRITE ABOUT IT IN MY WEEKLY COLUMN FOR THE WOODLAND GAZETTE

A black and white cartoon illustration of a brown bear sitting at a typewriter. The bear has a large, bushy tail, a thick beard, and is wearing a simple t-shirt. He is looking directly at the viewer with a neutral expression. His hands are positioned on the typewriter keys, and he is tapping his fingers rhythmically. To the right of the bear, the sound effect "TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP" is written vertically. In the bottom left corner of the panel, there is a speech bubble containing the text: "...BUT I'M A BROWN BEAR, AND I'M PROUD OF MY KODIAK IDENTITY...".

... AND I'D RATHER BEND OVER FOR THE BUBBLE-BATH IN BARRYMORE'S BATHROOM THAN LET MY DAUGHTER MARRY A POLAR BEAR..."

TAP TAP
TAP TAP
TAP TAP
TAP CHING

GARRY'S CAVE
HIBERNATING:
DO NOT DISTURB

TAP TAP TAP
TAP TAP TAP

"... WE SHOULD PUT THEM ON THE NEXT FOX'S GLACIER MINT BOAT AND SEND 'EM ALL BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM"

THERE, THAT'LL TEACH THEM
TO MOVE INTO MY
NEIGHBOURHOOD

HM. EVERYTHING HAS GONE
STRANGELY QUIET NEXT DOOR

A black and white comic strip panel. At the top, a speech bubble contains the text: "WELL THEY'RE NOT GETTING ANYWHERE NEAR THIS BROWN BEAR'S ROWNEYE, THAT'S FOR SURE". Below the bear, another speech bubble contains the text: "(YAWN) AH WELL. BEST GET BACK TO SLEEP". The bear is depicted with a textured fur pattern and a grumpy expression.

A satirical cartoon by Dandy. It depicts a grizzly bear sitting at a typewriter, tapping away. The text above him reads: "THESE SO-CALLED GAY GRIZZLIES ARE TURNING OUR ONCE-PROUD FOREST INTO A PERVERTS PLAYGROUND". The text below him reads: "THERE ARE MORE WOOFTERS IN THESE WOODS THAN IN BATTERSEA DOGS HOME..". The background features a window with a Union Jack flag.

OH YES, I BET MY NEW
NEIGHBOURS ARE A RIGHT
BUNCH OF POLITICALLY
CORRECT LOONY LEFT-WING
EXTREMISTS

THEY PROBABLY WANT TO
BAN US ALL FROM
CATCHING FISH BECAUSE
IT'S A 'BLOOD SPORT'

THAT DOES IT! IF THOSE BEAR LEFTIES THINK THEY CAN COME INTO MY FOREST AND TAKE AWAY MY RIGHTS, THEY CAN THINK AGAIN

I'M GOING TO SORT THEM OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL

A political cartoon by R. Crumb. A bearded man with a mustache, wearing a white t-shirt, is marching in a protest. He is holding a sign that reads "SAY NO TO BAN ON BLOODSPORTS". Above him, another sign says "NOBODY'S FORCING ME TO GIVE UP FISH". In the background, two people are watching from a doorway; one has a sign that says "FREE LOVE" and the other "THE GREENS". The word "MARCH" is written in the water at the bottom. A speech bubble at the bottom asks, "IF THEY LIKE COMMUNISM SO MUCH WHY DON'T THEY GO AND LIVE IN RUSSIA?".

AND

SOCIETY FOR GLOBAL
POLITICAL CORRECTNESS
— HEADQUARTERS —

...SO THAT'S AGREED. WE'LL ABOLISH
NATIONALISM, SET UP A MULTI-
CULTURAL SOCIALIST REPUBLIC
AND ELECT JO BRAND AS
PRESIDENT

NOW THEN, WHO FANCIES
A BIT OF LESBIAN AND
GAY SEX ON THE
BEARSKIN RUG?

BAH!



GOODBYE AND GOD BLESS

Queen bids sad farewell to Royal cooker

THE Queen and other members of the Royal family gathered at Buckingham Palace yesterday to say a final farewell to the electric cooker which has served them so well for over 40 years.

There were tearful scenes at the brief decommissioning ceremony during which the Queen was seen to cry a lot more than she did at Diana's funeral.

Boil

The Royal cooker, commissioned in 1954 from the Revo factory in Tipton, was first used by the Queen to boil some potatoes on the day of her Coronation. Since then the cooker has roasted joints for visiting foreign dignitaries, baked cakes for Royal garden parties, and fried breakfasts for four generations of Royals on her spotless triple hob.

Wart

But last week another element went, and now with only one hob working the Treasury has decided that the high cost of maintaining such an old piece of kitchen equipment could not be justified.

Mole

Yesterday the cooker, still looking resplendent in its glazed white livery with black handles, its stainless steel splashback glistening in the sunlight, was carried out the back door by a member of the Royal household staff, and dumped on the back lawn. From there she will begin her final journey next week, to the local skips.

Ratty

The Government put forward several proposals to save the cooker which has served the Royal family so well, and has become a symbol of British light engineering in the West Midlands. Plans had included advertising it for five pounds in the local free newspaper, taking it to a second hand shop, or asking a bloke who fixes washing machines if he

could mend it. But a re-fit was considered too expensive.

Toad

Several Royals believe it would be 'inappropriate' if their cooker was to fall into private hands, and last week Princess Ann was quoted as saying it should be chucked into the river Thames. She fears that gypsies may remove the cooker from the skips, and that new owners would not be able to maintain her to the same high standards that the Queen had maintained throughout the years.

Badger

"Mum always ensures that the trays are frequently removed and steeped in detergent, and that the insides of the oven cleaned with Mr Muscle", the horsey bint is believed to have told friends.

Pester

As yet the Government has not announced any plans to replace the Royal cooker. The cost of a new one - estimated to be over £400 - is thought to be



Happier days - In 1953, shortly after her Coronation, the Queen knocks up some soup on the Royal Revo cooker before nipping out to change the guards.

excessive, although several private initiatives have already been launched to fund a replacement.

Hector

These include a local retailer who proposes a

'buy now, pay later' scheme whereby a new cooker could be bought on interest free credit with no payments until June 1998. Meanwhile a business consortium headed by Harrods boss Mohammed Al Fayed

has offered to finance the purchase of a second hand replacement for fifty quid from a local auction. However, privately the Queen is thought to oppose the idea of a dodgy, second hand cooker.



**At long last an apology.
But is it enough?**

SORRY

THE man from the Thompsons Waterseal advert has finally apologised for being rude to TV viewers several years ago during a television advertisement for Thompsons Waterseal.

In the controversial TV ad the man was seen pointing at water damaged brick-work, and aggressively accused viewers of not having protected their homes against the weather. Many viewers found his tone offensive and have been campaigning ever since for an official apology, and some relatives of those affected have boycotted Thompsons products ever since.

Rift

Last week Sheffield based Ronseal Limited, the UK division of the multi-national Thompson-Minwax Company, attempted to heal the bitter rift by issuing a press statement in which they said 'the man from the Thompson Waterseal advertisement sincerely regrets any offence which he may have caused'.

Thames

But veteran viewers of the TV ad yesterday dismissed their cautiously worded apology as "feeble", and have continued to demand a full and public apology from the man in the Thompsons Waterseal advert himself.

Chad

"In the advert he implied that we, the viewers, had neglected our property", one witness told us. "His whole tone was threatening and aggressive, and it left many viewers feeling slightly uncomfortable for several moments afterwards".

Cameroon

Viewers who could take no more and turned off their televisions, often missing their favourite programmes rather than risk seeing the man again. But their claims for compensa-

tion have so far been met with silence from the Thompson-Minwax exterior waterproofing giant which has manufacturing bases in Canada and the United States as well as Britain.

Macaroon

Prime Minister Tony Blair yesterday volunteered himself to act as go-between in an attempt to finally resolve the long-standing differences between veteran TV viewers and the man in the Thompsons Waterseal advert.

McAloon

"Perhaps it is time to accept our past mistakes in order that we may work together towards better water proofing for exterior

says man from the Thompson Waterseal advert

surfaces", he told reporters yesterday.

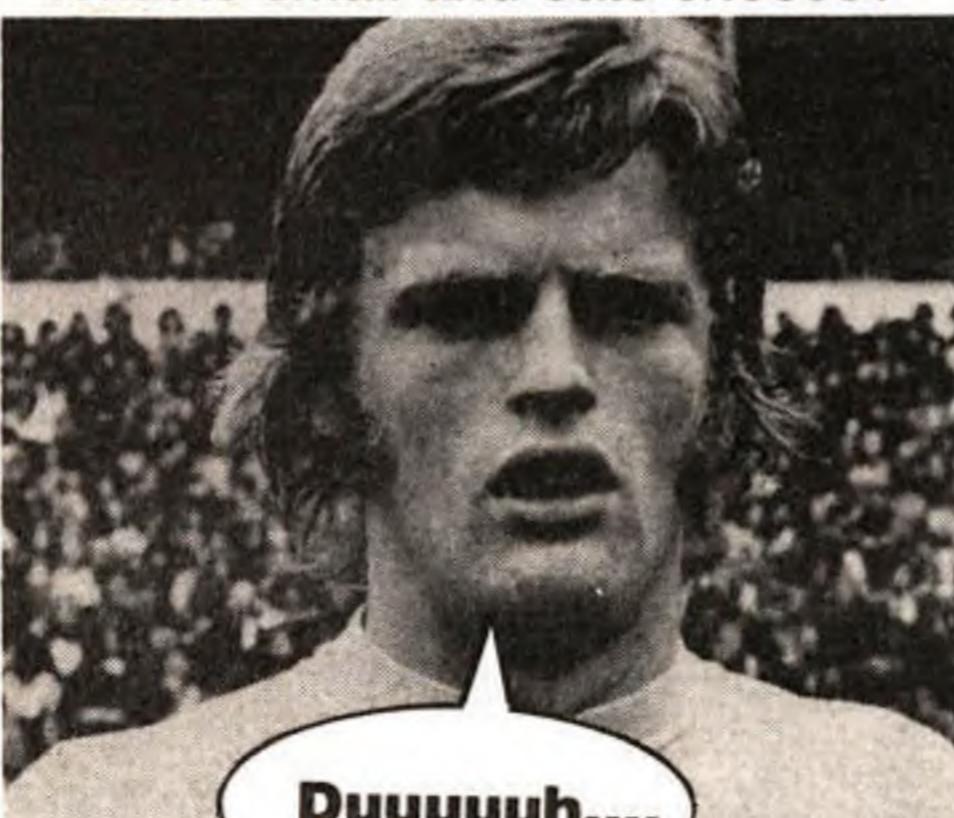
A spokesman for Griffin Bacal, the ad agency responsible for the Thompsons Waterseal TV campaign, told us he couldn't remember the man in the advertisements name.

"I think he was called Glen, but I'm not sure", he told us.

Gordon is a Moron

with ex-Leeds and Scotland star Gordon McQueen

This week Gavin Adamson of Lincoln has a question for Gordon. Gavin asks:
"What is small and eats cheese?"



Duuuuuh....

Send your questions to Gordon at our usual address. But keep them easy. There's a £10 prize for you if Gordon knows the answer.

World Cup EXCLUSIVE!

Palace promise to keep Queen Mum!

GLEN HODDLE'S ENGLAND won a vital World Cup victory last night - without even kicking a ball.

For Buckingham Palace officials have agreed to play ball with Hoddle's heroes - and help them on the road to success in France this summer.

Frame

Hoddle's men may be a match for the boys from Brazil, Italy or France. But pundits fear they face a far greater threat from closer to home. For Hod's squad could be KO'd from the competition without so much as kicking a ball if the Queen Mum, who is 97, kicks the bucket in the run up to the June Cup Finals.

Ridge

Although FIFA rules are unclear on the subject, if a period of official mourning were to begin in Britain, the FA would have little choice but to withdraw Hoddle's team from the competition. And that would leave both players and fans as sick as parrots.

Bell-end

"If the Queen Mum croaks early doors, we would have a mountain to climb", one player told us. "All credit to the lady, she's done marvellous. She's given 110 per cent for the full 97 years and you can't ask for any more than that. But at the end of the day if she pegged it, obviously we'd have to withdraw, out of respect, obviously".

Herman Gelmet

But that sickening scenario will now be avoided thanks to some tidy defensive work by Buckingham Palace officials. For they have promised to keep Mum if the Queen Mum dies, and not reveal her death publicly until England's involvement in the competition is over.

Herman Munster

"Ladbrokes aren't taking bets on her pegging it this summer, and those guys



Queen Mum -
done magnificent



Gazza - could cry
if she croaked

usually know what they're talking about!" quipped a Palace spokesman yesterday. "But seriously, it would be a real shame if she passed away at the wrong moment. Let's just say we've pulled a few strings - unofficially of course - so Glen and the boys have nothing to worry about on that score".

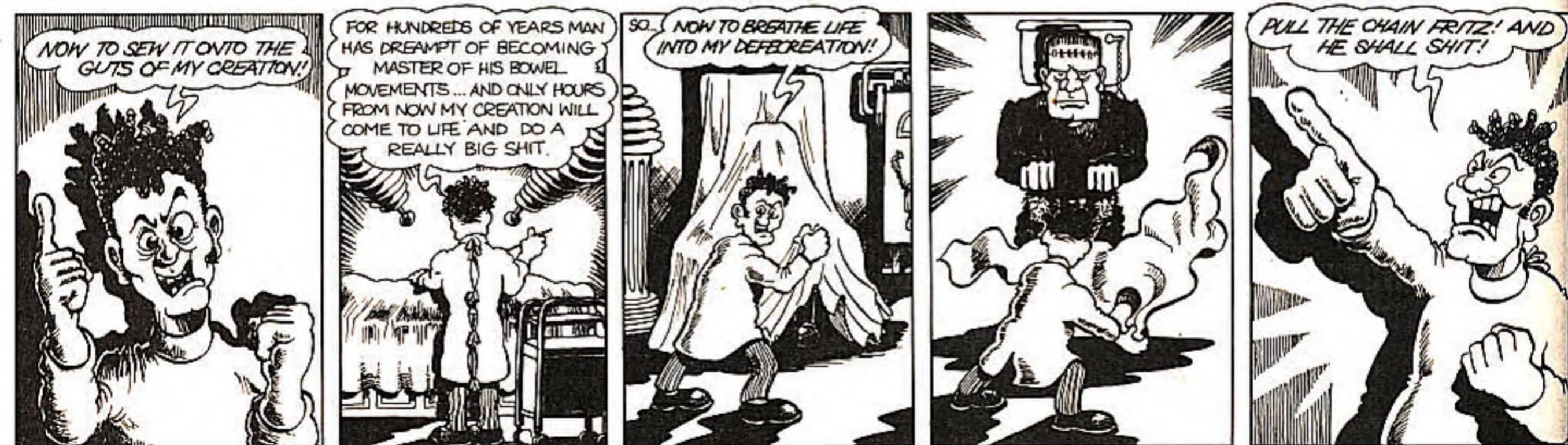
Loch Ness monster

All of which could conjure up pictures of an hilarious Fawlty Towers style scenario, with Palace officials struggling farcically to conceal the Queen Mother's corpse from curious visitors. But Hoddle believes the player's mental attitude will be right on the day.

York Minster

"We're just going to take one game at a time", he told us yesterday.

the HAMMER SHIT-HOUSE
OF HORROR PRESENTS
**THE TURD OF
FRANKENSTEIN**
**MUST BE
DESTROYED!**



Flying nannies by the year 2000

Gor blimey! It's Mary Poppins

NANNIES and childminders who murder your kids could soon be a thing of the past. For in the next millennium parents could be leaving their children in the hands of real life Mary Poppinses.

And instead of sitting in front of television sets and being beaten up by cruel child minders, our children's children could be flying away, up through the sky away, or singing their way across the Alps to escape invading Nazis.

Relief

Generations of parents brought up on Hollywood musicals like Mary Poppins, The Sound Of Music and The King And I have dreamt of one day employing fictional nannies like Mary Poppins and Maria the singing nun. But those dream nannies could soon come true thanks to 21st Century technology. And that will be a huge relief for the thousands of anxious parents who at present exploit low paid and unqualified child minders.

Toy

"My kids loved The Sound Of Music, and I would have no hesitation in employing a nanny like Maria who would teach them to sing at bedtime, or allow them to fly up in the sky and meet chimney sweeps", one anxious parent told us yesterday. "It would be a weight off our minds".



However, extravagant media predictions of 'flying nannies' by the year 2000 are unfounded. For scientists believe that significant obstacles still remain which prevent both nannies, and children in their care, from flying.

Decision

"It is perhaps conceivable under certain extreme weather conditions that a nanny holding an open umbrella could momentarily become airborne if hit by a freak up draft of wind", says Professor Ian

Fells of Newcastle University. "But in those circumstances they would have virtually no control whatsoever over their speed and direction, and would certainly not be in any position to sing, or conduct a musical tour of the rooftops".

Washroom

Which means there is still no end in sight for the anxious working parents who must daily suffer the agony of employing unqualified child minders.

NEW Cyberbint™ TAMAWIFEY

The "Why-aye man, Pet" for men

So life like! FEED her £15 housekeeping a week and if the bitch complains DISCIPLINE her. From time to time your Tamawifey will want a good hiding. Fail to show her who's boss and her alarm will BEEP to tell you she is getting lippy. If you tire of her, press BINGO and get rid of her for the evening. Give her lots of HOUSEWORK to keep her busy, but remember to take her out for a night on the town and SHAG her afterwards at least once a year or she will move back to her mothers, or run off with your best mate.



ON SALE NOW!
ONLY £9.95

Guaranteed to hound you for years

Royal rumpus over labour plans to 'drown Queen in a bucket'

A secret Government document outlining radical proposals to cut the growing cost of maintaining the Royal Family has been made up by this newspaper.

A committee of leading Labour MPs was formed in June to focus on the problem of feeding the growing number of Royals. Their brief was to look at alternative methods by which the Royal Family could be disposed of.

Storm

And one plan which is certain to create a storm of controversy is that the entire Royal Family should be drowned in a bucket of water.

Thighs

That drastic solution was the brainchild of New Labour spin doctor Peter Mandellson. And in a leaked memo to cabinet colleagues he emphasised the need to tread carefully in terms of public relations.

Clap

After drowning the Royals and burying them in a sack, he recommended that the public be 'misinformed' about their whereabouts. 'A highly emotional public reaction could perhaps be avoided if an official statement was released saying that the Royal Family had gone to live on a farm in Wales', Mandellson wrote in a letter to colleagues dated 10th October 1997.

Herpes

Yesterday public reaction to the leaked documents was mixed. "How could anyone drown such lovely people?" said Mrs B. of Essex. "I think they're marvellous, they do a wonderful job". But one man from Ashington in Northumberland was in favour of having them killed, and even went as far as offering to do the job himself.



"I would kill them with a hammer in my back yard for two pounds each", he told us. "Mind you, if I didn't get them first time I'd have to be quick on my feet. Once you've thumped them, they don't half get angry".

Hisbeans

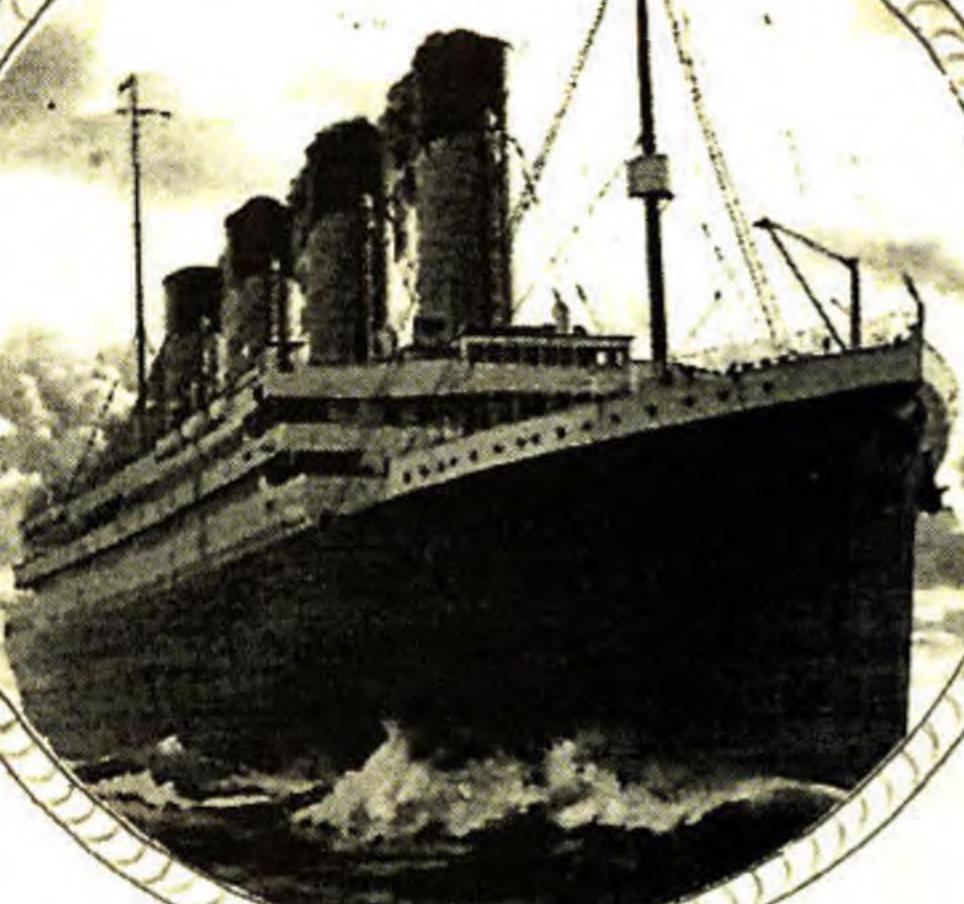
Other schemes proposed in the controversial discussion document include giving the Royals injections that would make them go to sleep, or putting something in their milk. However left wing Labour MP Dennis Skinner, normally a thorn in the side of the Royals, was surprisingly AGAINST plans to have them put down.

Hasbeans

'I can't see why we shouldn't just have them neutered, then retire them to a field somewhere to live the rest of their lives in peace', we made him up as having said.

Wankers aweigh! Bathtime fun with ou

RAISE the



There's all the *thrills* of the block-buster movie 'Titanic' plus the *spills* of the Spice Girls in this bathtime bonk-on boat game for blokes!

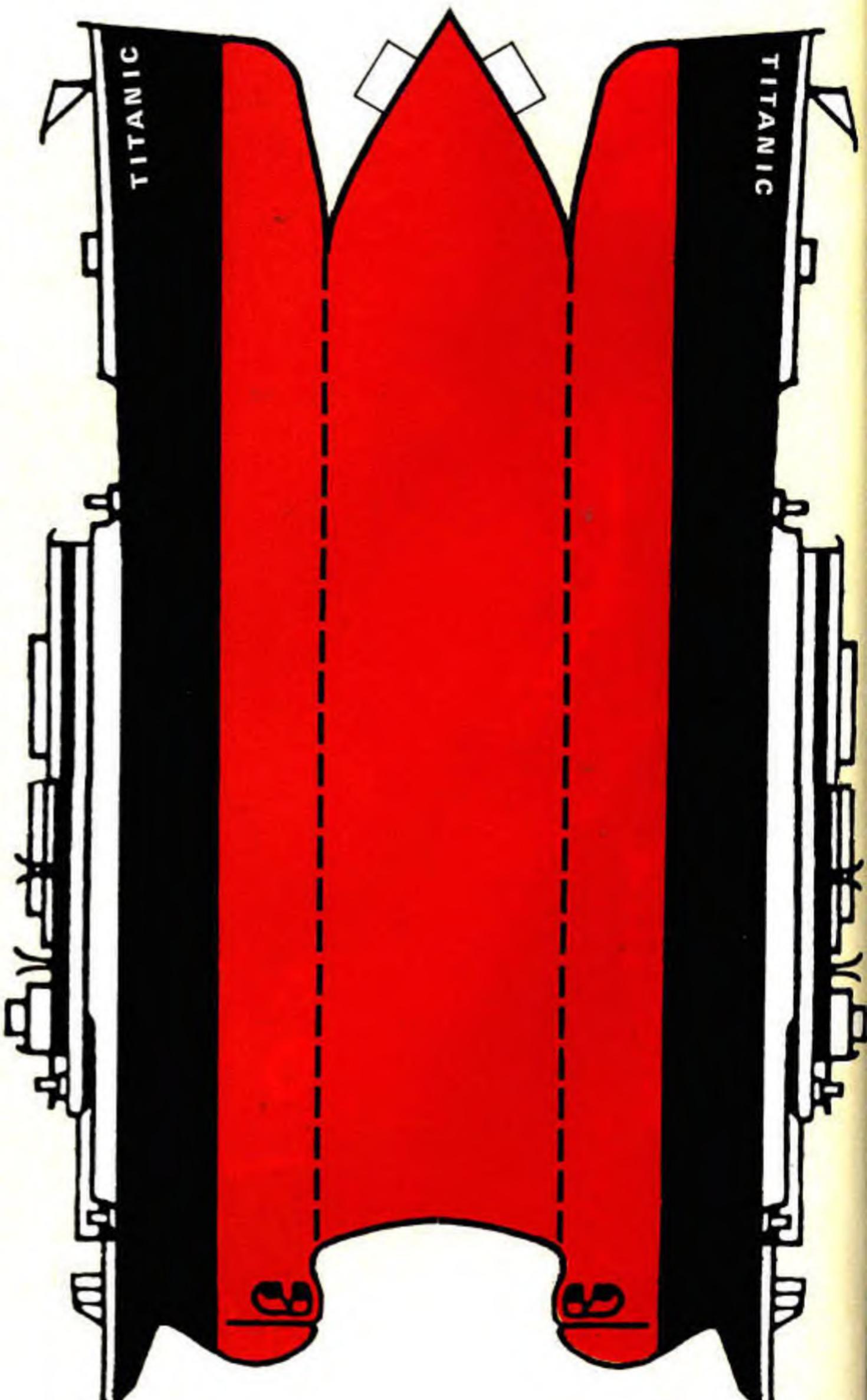
Simply cut out and assemble your miniature Titanic and reproduction iceberg following the instructions opposite. Then fill your bath until the water level reaches your navel, and insert your flacid penis into the hole at the stern of the ship. You are now ready to re-enact the sinking of the Titanic in your own bathtub, and you can also raise the world's most famous liner from her watery grave. And all you need to do it is get a Cun'ard on!

But remember it's strictly *all hands OFF dick!* The raising and sinking of your ship e-wreck-tion is, quite literally, out of your hands. For just as it was on that cold April night in 1912, the fate of the Titanic will depend entirely on the position of an iceberg drifting in your path.

Viewed from one side our iceberg is a *Spiceburg* with a saucy image of Geri Halliwell designed to spice up your *mainbrace* and leave the *ship-on-your-tip* standing proud above the water line. But on the other side its a Bella *Emberg*, and her ugly image could fatally flop your luxury liner. Remember, if disaster strikes *all hands to the pump* is not allowed. You can only save the souls of those on board by **BLOWING** the iceberg and attempting to steer the lifesaving picture of Sexy Spice into view.

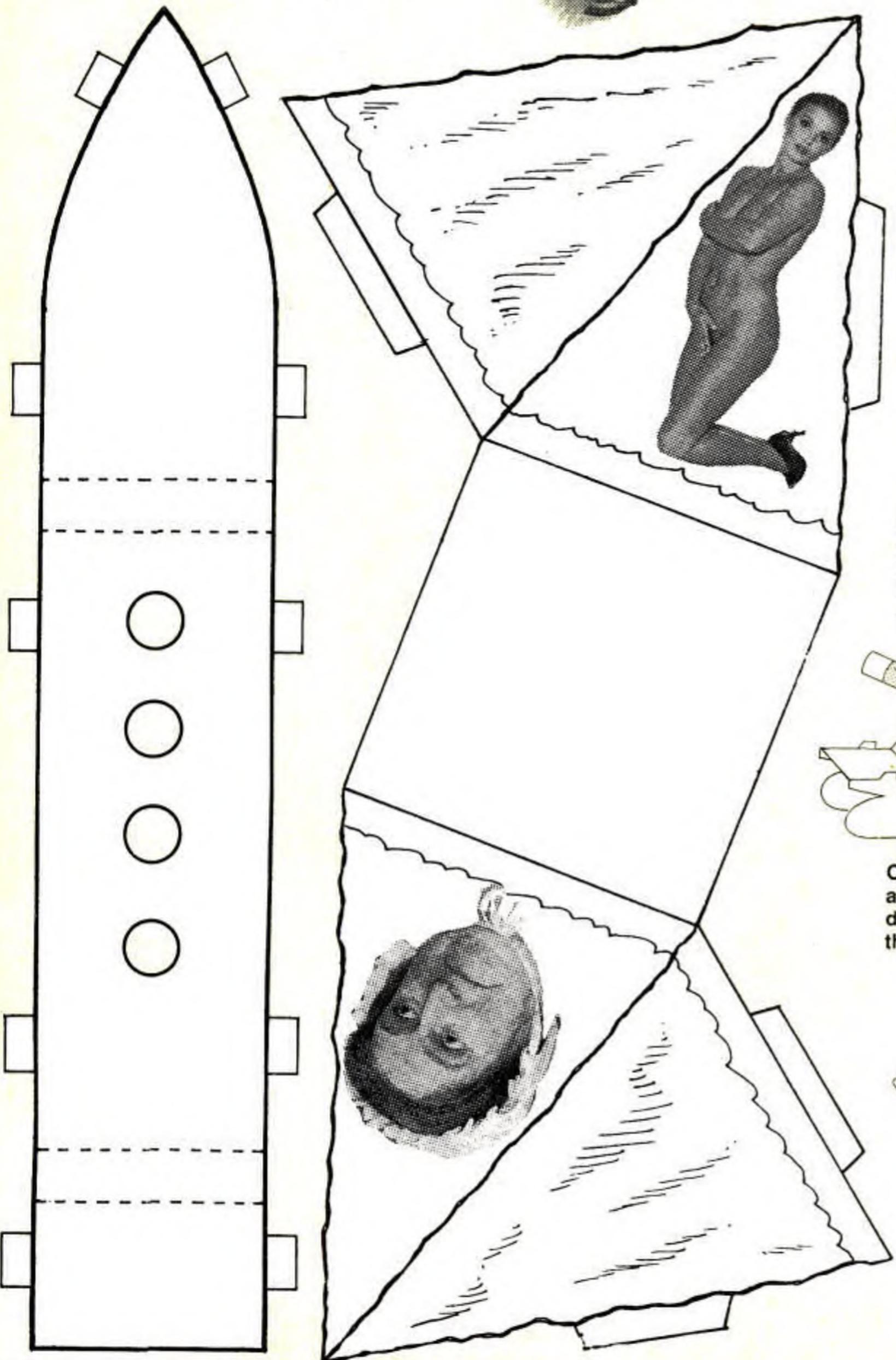
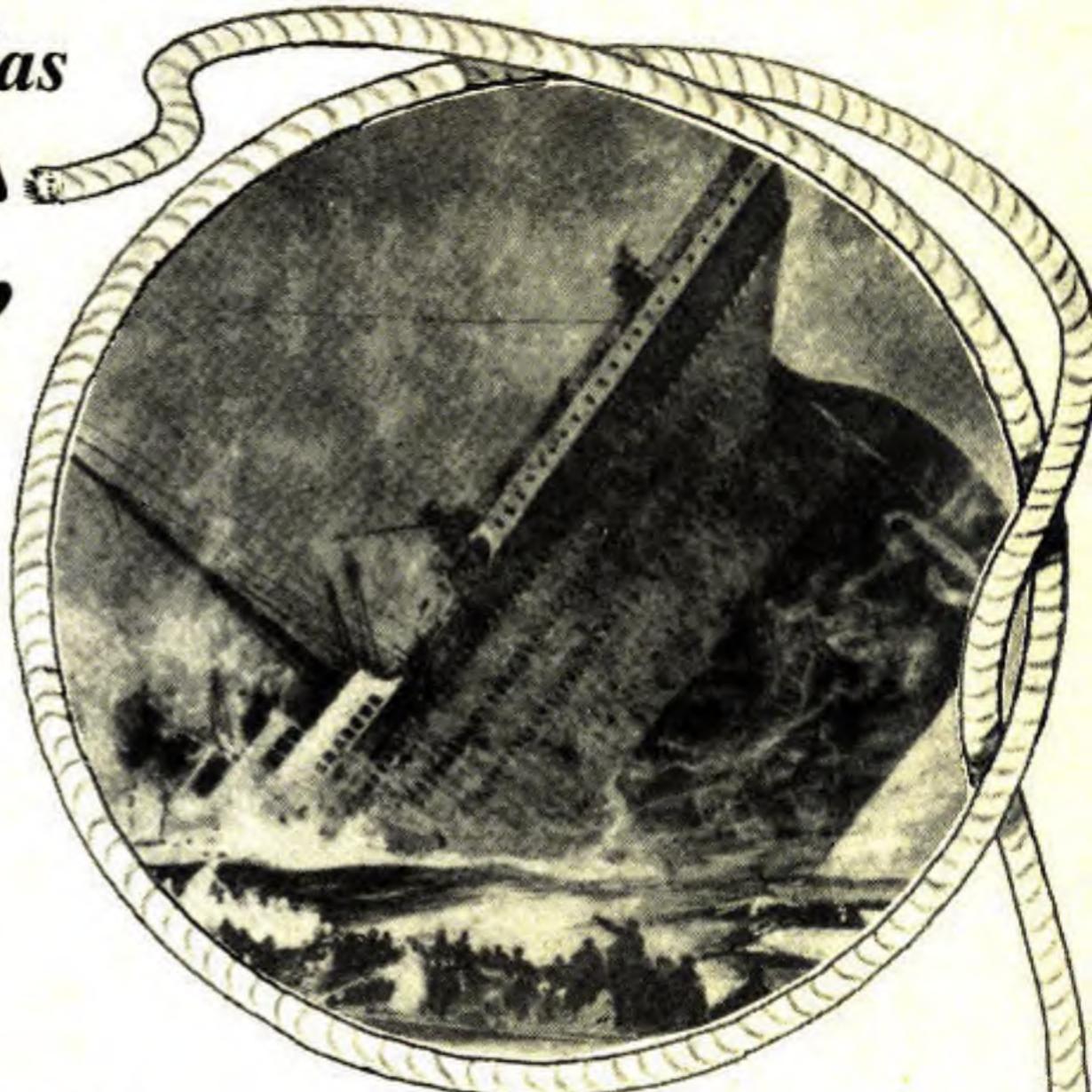
It may help get you launched if your wife or girlfriend puts on a posh frock and hat and hits the bow of your vessel a few times with a shampoo bottle before you start.

Bon voyage, and may God bless your bone-on and all who sail in it.



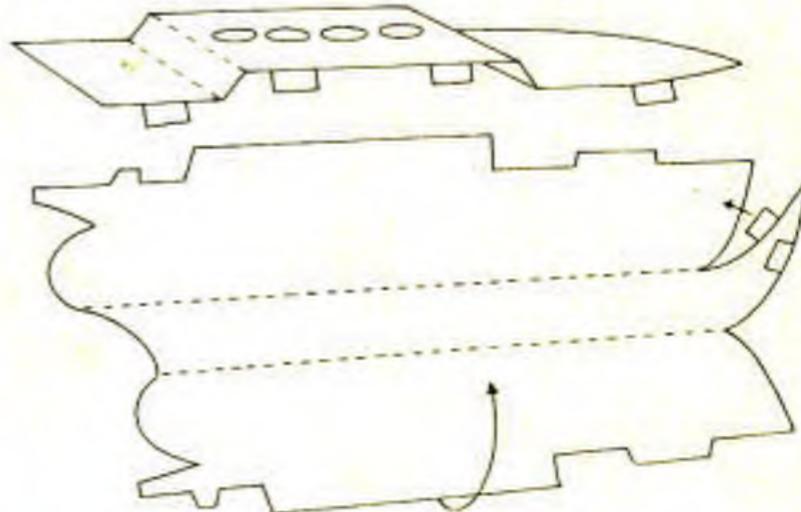
nautical but nice' maritime game for fellas

TITANIC

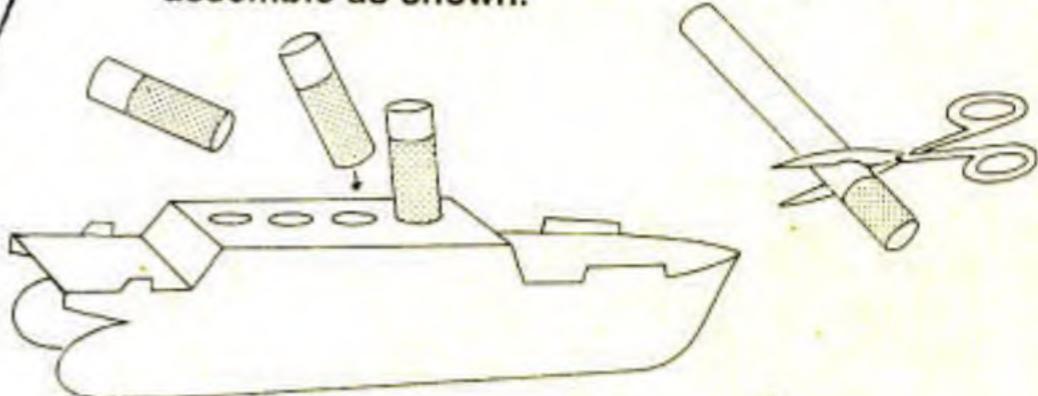


INSTRUCTIONS

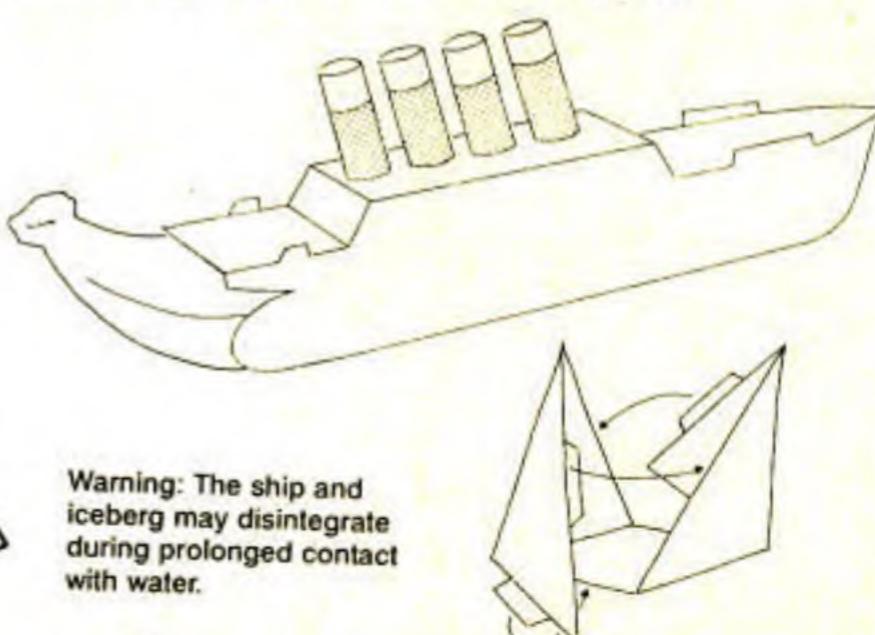
Cut around ship's hull and fold along dotted lines. Bend bow into place and fix tabs. Cut around deck section and fold along dotted lines to form superstructure. Glue tabs to secure deck and superstructure to ship's hull.



Using scissors make a cut through four cigarettes at a point approx. 5mm above the filter. Glue the filter ends to the circles marked to form the ship's funnels. Then cut around iceberg and assemble as shown.



Once in the bath, insert your penis into the hole at the ship's stern. For reasons of taste, this is demonstrated here using a banana. Then float the iceberg in the water in front of you.



Warning: The ship and iceberg may disintegrate during prolonged contact with water.

SCROUNGING BASTARDS!

MEET the Dougan family. Husband Bill and wife Doreen are Britain's biggest scroungers.

They pocket an amazing £120 a week in handouts, and live a life of luxury in a three bedroom house - paid for by the council.

Wannabe's

Bill hasn't done a single day's work in the two years since he was blinded and partially paralysed in a car accident. He claims he's not fit for employment. But he still manages to get to his door mat once a week where he picks up a whopping £85 state benefits cheque for so-called 'invalidity'. Unable to walk, he sits at home on his arse all day, counting his cash.

Bumble bees

Dole family Dougan claim to be hard up - yet they still have TWO children. And soon there'll be more. They breed like RABBITS, and yo-yo knickered slut Doreen, 28, is hoping for ANOTHER sprog later this year, leaving tax payers like YOU to fork out another £12 a week in child benefit.

Humble cheese

Perhaps next time she should spend some of it on contraceptives.

Humble pie

Free school milk for their ugly brood costs YOU the taxpayer another £2 a week. Yet bone-idle Bill, 33, still wants MORE. "It's difficult getting by on benefits, and I'd like to be able to provide better for my children", the grasping git told our reporter.

By
RAB. L. ROWSER
and LIN SCHMOBB

Kids Michael, 9, and Angela, 5, have already jumped on the benefits gravy train. Like their work-shy parents they expect something for nothing and collect a thumping 50p a week EACH in pocket money.

Blind Faith

Their house is crammed with tell-tale signs of their cushy lifestyle. In the kitchen Mrs Dougan offered us a cup of "tea or coffee". Oh yes. The big spending Dougans have BOTH. Their fancy Swan kettle probably set them back £20, and a swish pedal bin in the corner must have cost thirty or forty quid.

Steeleye Span

But then that's hardly surprising. Because wife Doreen isn't short of a few bob. She works nights as a cleaner, picking up a hefty £42 a week as well as cleaning up on state hand outs. Nice work if you can get it.

Steely Dan

But still she MOANS. "What I'd really like is to take the family on holiday", she told us. "We've never been away at all since before we were married". But wait a minute. That's not all.

Desperate Dan

"With Bill unable to work, I'd like to go out and

This family deserve to DIE

All smiles as the Dougan family pose for our conniving photographer outside their house yesterday, unaware of the editorial direction our reporters intended to take.



pursue a career of my own. But it's difficult finding people to look after the kids", said the money-grabbing bitch as she sat there, sipping her expensive Nescafe coffee and offering us fancy chocolate biscuits like there was no tomorrow.

Lord Snoopy

Doreen's weekly shopping bill comes to £60, and she claims it's hard to make ends meet - despite raking in POUNDS in discount vouchers at the supermarket check-out. And the whining sow isn't even happy with her FREE council home. "One day I'd like to own a house of our own, with a garden for the kids to play in", groaned the grasping trollop.

Lord Snowdon

Last night a senile Tory MP stopped wanking for five minutes to BLAST the Dougans before we'd even told him anything about them: "These people are a disease on our society", he ranted drunkenly. "Why should the taxpayer fund their disgusting, depraved lifestyles? They should send them back where they came from, and beyond".

Mount Snowdon

A spokesman for the Labour party failed to say anything that we could use out of context, despite several cleverly weighted questions.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WE'VE whipped up our ignorant readers into a bigoted frenzy of hatred. Here's the kind of hand outs THEY'D like to see doled out to the money grabbing Dougans.

"I think it's disgusting", said Dawn Shitehouse, bulldog-faced moron mother of six. "Their house is better than mine. People like that don't even deserve to die, never mind live", she added.

"They should tattoo the words FILTHY SCUM BASTARDS on their foreheads and put their children in a mental home", said neighbour Edna Pigshit who gets 20p an hour LESS than Mrs Dougan at her cleaning job. "They're just vermin that's what they are. Hanging's too good for 'em. They should string 'em up, and throw away the key".

"Cut his cock off and make him eat it", said disabled war veteran Joe Mengler, 82, of Leeds. Plucky Joe, who lost all his teeth biting a U boat, gets by on a paltry 2p a week army pension and is regularly mugged in his home by glue sniffers. "And I'd pull the lever myself", he added.

"They should cook him in his own blood, and make him eat himself, then stone him to

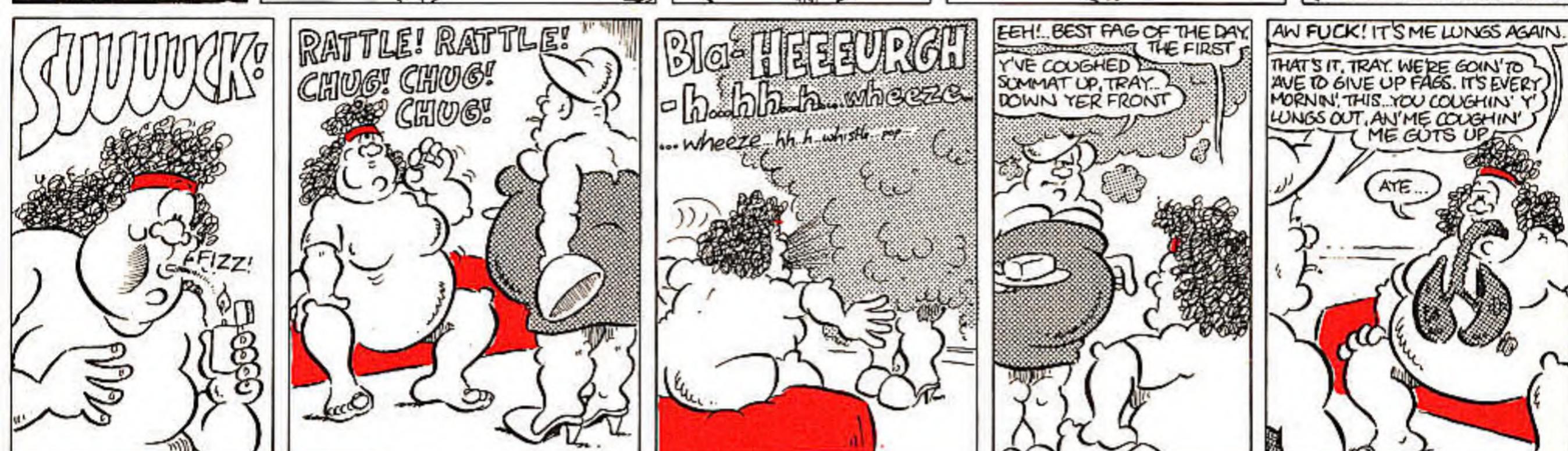
death with his own knackers", said taxi driver Ron Bigot, 32, who works a 60-hour week and comes home with less than £200 since all the foreigners came over here and took all the jobs, and the women. "If he has any more babies the doctors should pop their heads with their fingers, like baby rats", he added.

Ring our HATE LINE

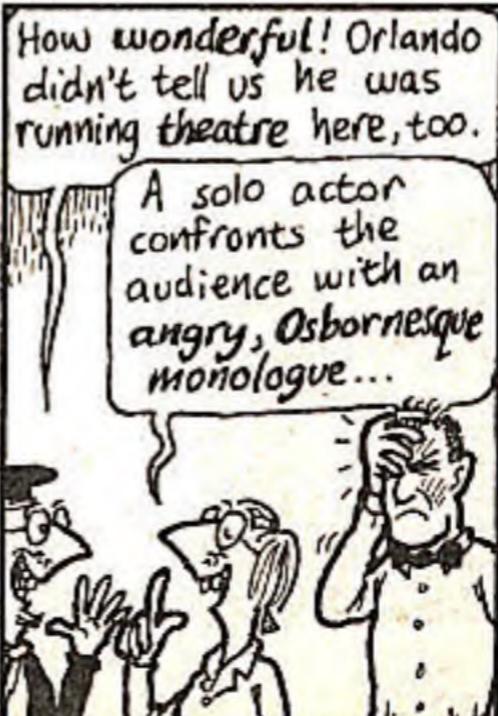
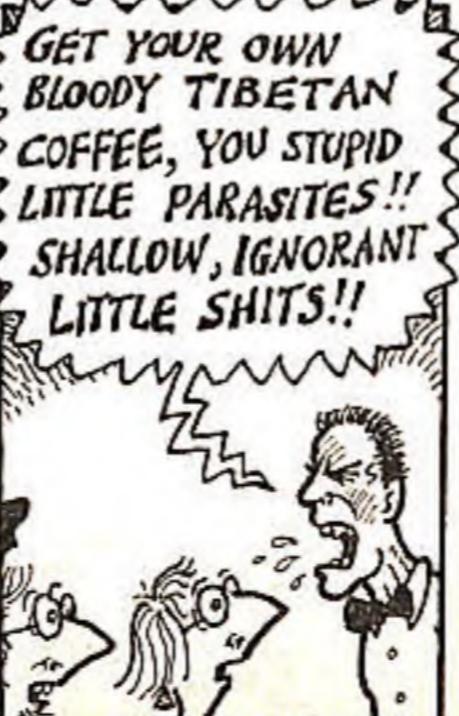
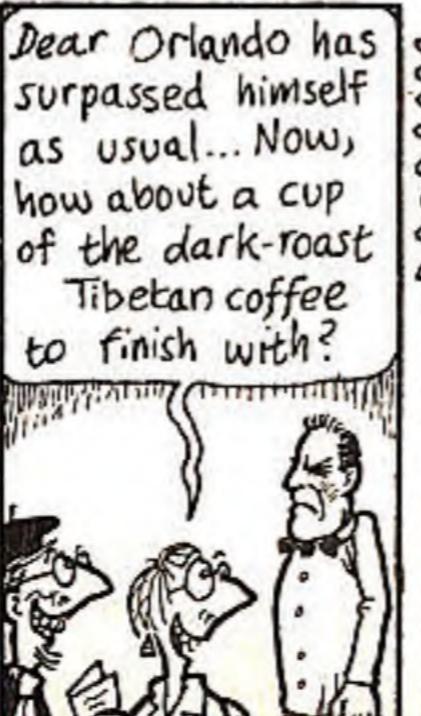
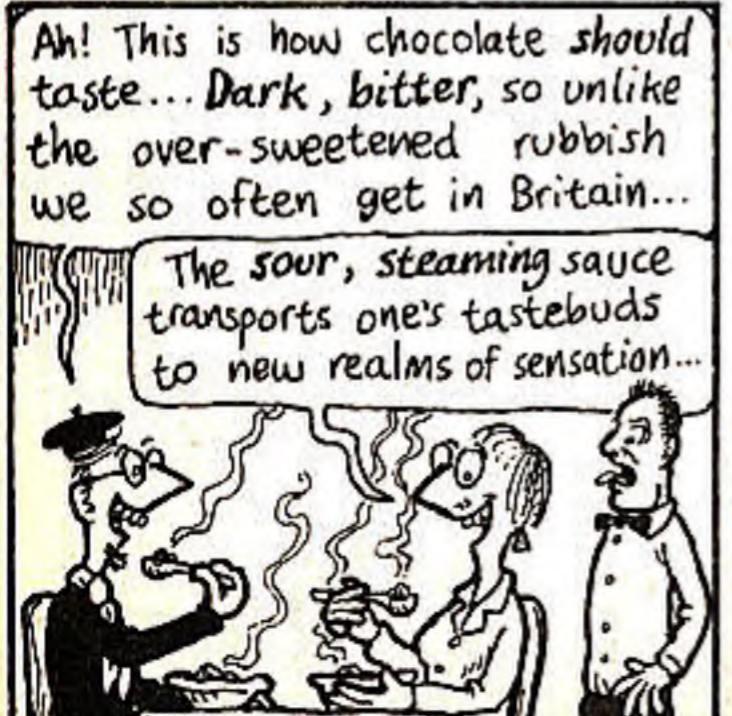
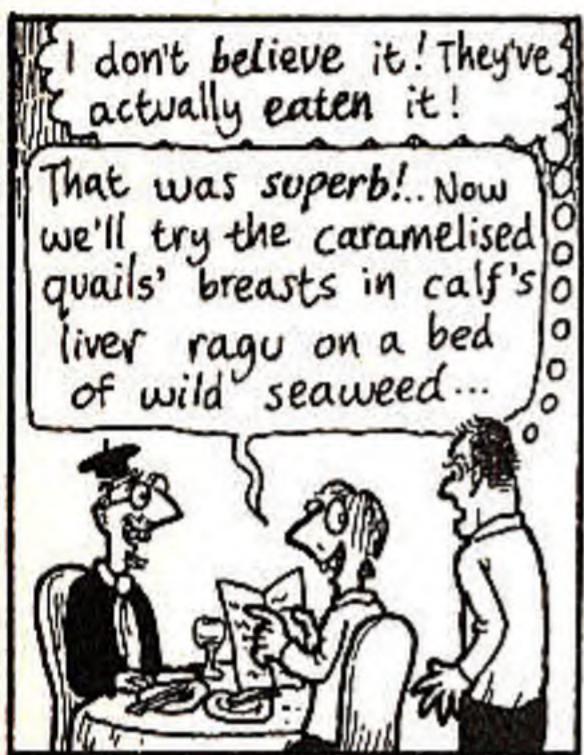
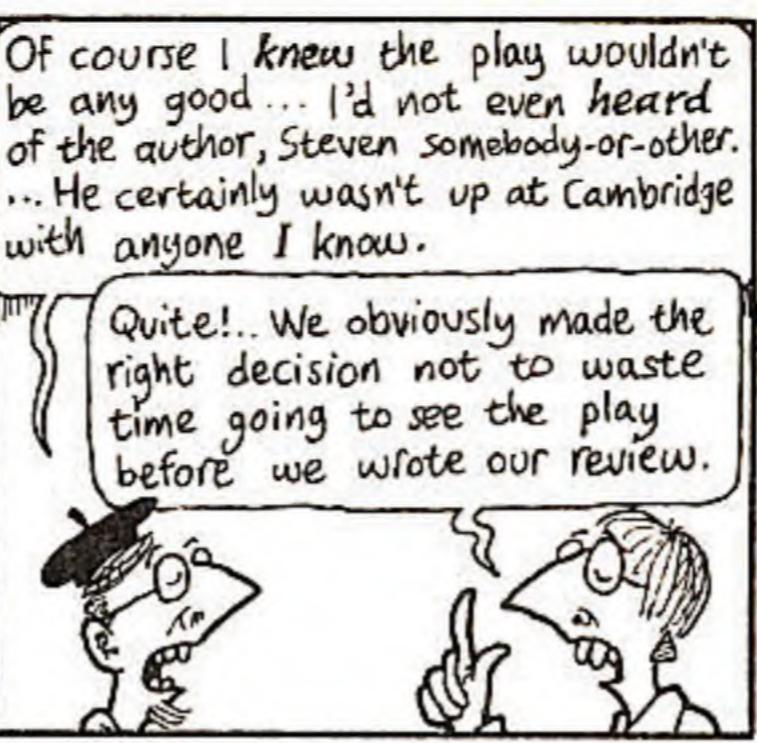
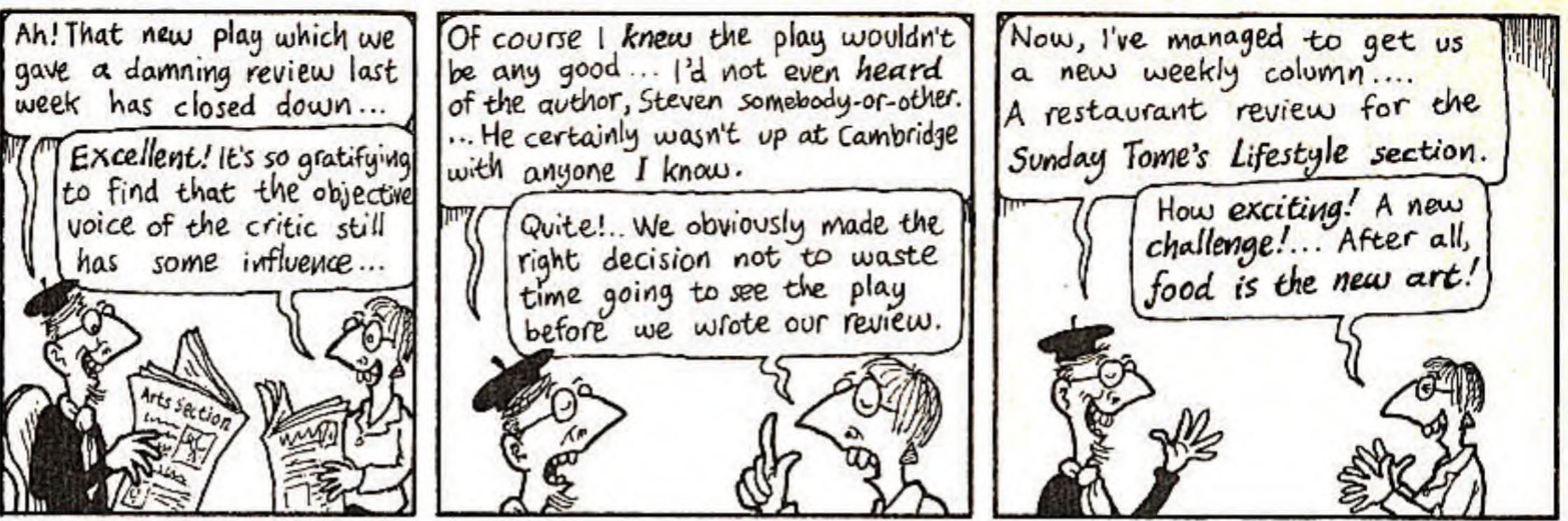
Have YOUR neighbours got a nicer house than you? Do they appear to be better off than you are? Or perhaps their garden is a mess, or their kids have got snotty noses. Ring us today on 0171 922 7386 and tell us about your nightmare neighbours. Perhaps we can arrange for a lynching. Ring us today. There's dozens of jumped up little cunt reporters fresh out of college and with no morals whatsoever waiting to take your call.

JOYRIDING/JUMPER JOKE





THE CRITICS



Nike two FREE shoe, Two FREE shoe Nike!

New from Intersport the Nike Air Cool Trainer is versatile and stylish with durable Air-Sole cushioning and features superior breathability.

But most important of all it's got a little red shiny window in the bottom where you can see through to the other side. And believe it or not, people actually pay £70 to wear these things.

In fact they're a fashion must for trendy youngsters who have to steal an awful lot of car stereos before they can afford a pair. You can buy them from Intersports 374 stores across the UK (for details of your nearest store free-phone 0800 7832016), or you can win a pair if you successfully answer the following questions.

Unfortunately the questions were written under the mistaken impression that the competition was being sponsored by one of Intersports high street competitors, for which we apologise. So erm... before you can win these fabulous INTERSPORT trainers, FIRST you must answer these slightly inappropriate 'first' questions.

1. Who was the first man on the Moon?

- (a) Neil Morrisey
- (b) Neil Tennant
- (c) Neil Armstrong

2. Like comedy balloonist Richard Branson's madcap attempts to fly around the world, mythical Greek man's first attempt to fly ended in farce. Pioneer pilots Icarus and Daedalus had to abandon their flight after what happened?

- (a) A gust of wind blew their wings away before they had taken off.
- (b) Their wings got snapped while being loaded off a lorry.
- (c) They got too close to the Sun and their wings melted.

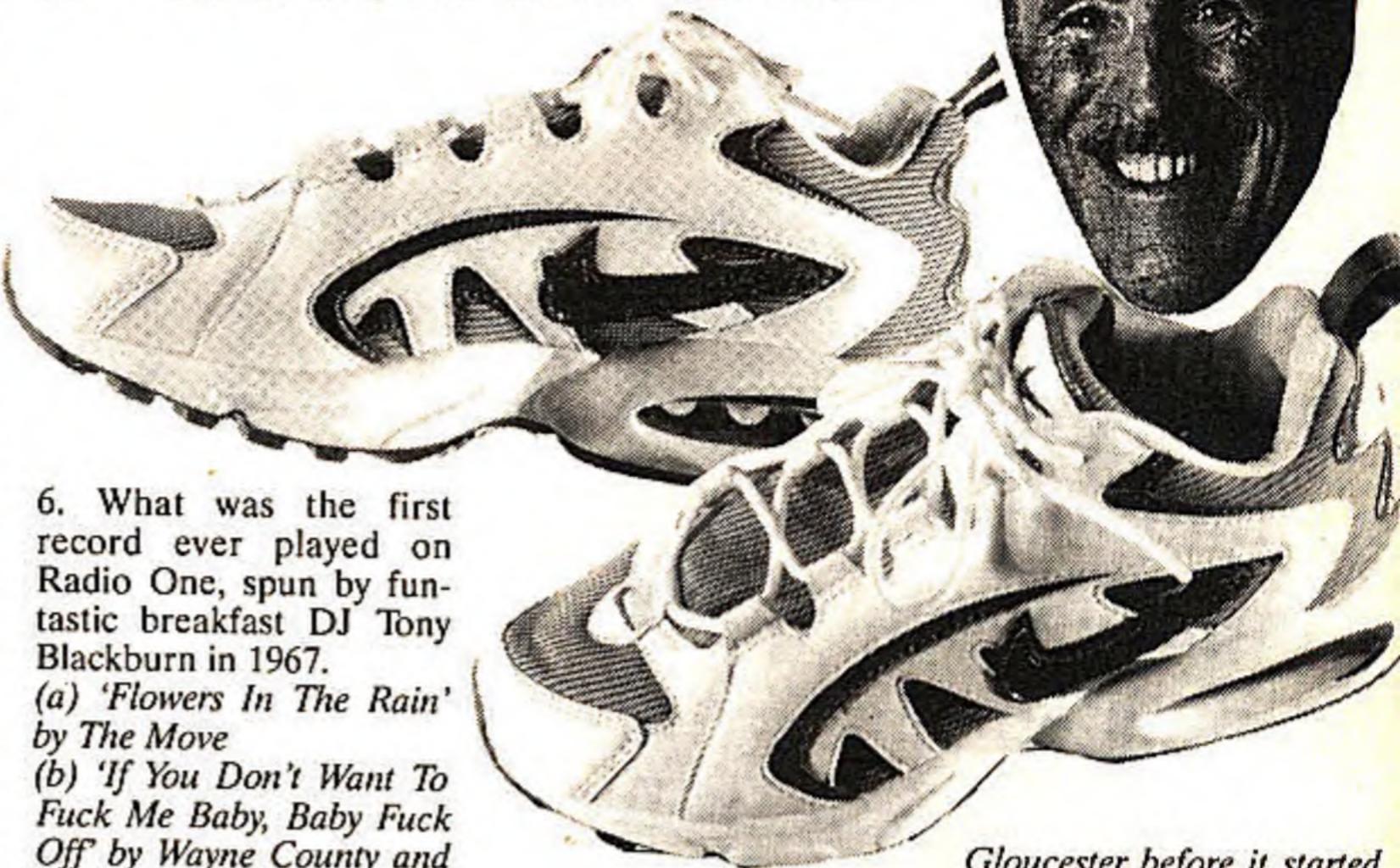
3. The first ever advert on British commercial TV was for what?

- (a) Soap powder
- (b) Toothpaste
- (c) Fanny pads



4. Earnest and sincere 'Our Tune' radio DJ Simon Bates has recounted innumerable love stories on his popular roman-

 **INTERSPORT®**



- 6. What was the first record ever played on Radio One, spun by fantastic breakfast DJ Tony Blackburn in 1967?
 - (a) 'Flowers In The Rain' by The Move
 - (b) 'If You Don't Want To Fuck Me Baby, Baby Fuck Off' by Wayne County and the Electric Chairs.

Gloucester before it started raining.

Four pairs of ostentatious Nike training shoes must be won

tic radio slot. But what was the story of his own first full sexual encounter?

- (a) He was seduced by a school mistress while he was still an innocent teenager.
- (b) He was bum  by DLT backstage at a Radio One Roadshow.
- (c) He was seduced by a New Zealand cow farmer while working as a travelling vet.

5. Actor Elliott Gould opened his account by shagging a famous big conked crooner. Which big beaked bard popped his cherry?



- (a) Barry Manilow
- (b) Barbara Streisand
- (c) Jimmy Durante

- (c) 'So Fucking What' by the Anti Nowhere League.



7. Sensational DJ Tony has shagged over 2,000 birds in his career. He first made love to a girl at college when he was 18. In his autobiography, how did he describe her tits?

- (a) They were like space-hoppers
- (b) They were like fried eggs
- (c) They were enormous

- 8. On 15th September 1830 William Huskisson MP became the first person ever to do what?
 - (a) Shag his secretary.
 - (b) Accept a bribe from Mohammed Al Fayed.
 - (c) Get run over by a train.

9. Who was the first lady ever to have a baby?

- (a) Eve Pollard out of the Daily Mirror.
- (b) Eve Graham out of the New Seekers.
- (c) Eve out of the Garden of Eden.

Plus 6 pairs of Nike laces

10. Who was the first person ever to say "fuck" on British television?

- (a) Punk rocker turned Soho rocket salad scoffing ponce Johnny Rotten
- (b) Larry Grayson look-alike and theatre critic Kenneth Tynan
- (c) Dandruff topped TV presenting ivory tinkler Jools Holland

11. Who was the first person to run a mile in four minutes?

- (a) Dr Roger Bannister, to win a race.
- (b) Matthew Bannister, to catch up with Chris Evans and lick his arse.
- (b) Dr Foster, to get to

12. On which historic and moving occasion did the Her Majesty the Queen first shed a public tear?



- (a) At the funeral of her father, King George VI.
- (b) At the funeral of Lord Mountbatten.
- (c) At the state funeral of Sir Winston Churchill.
- (d) At the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales.
- (e) At the funeral of Princess Alice of Athlone.
- (f) When they took her fucking boat off her.

Mark your answers INTERSPORT and make sure they get to us sort of early to mid March at the latest. Four winners will be drawn out of the hat and be contacted regarding shoe size etc. Six runners up will each get a pair of Nike laces.

ICY, SPICY and RICEY!

IF you fancy a wank, a month's supply of delicious American ice cream, or a packet of boil-in-the-bag rice, this is the competition for you!

Spicy Girls is the latest top shelf, bottom of the market porn video by fictitious amateur cameraman Ben Dover. According to a press release it promises to deliver what red hot males *really really* want to see, and gives a whole new meaning to the phrase *girl power*. In other words its aimed at wankers who have already gone half blind and who might therefore mistake it for a dirty Spice Girls video.

You can buy it at dubious high street video stockists for just £12.99, or win our copy in this fabulous *Ten Bens* competition. To beef up the 'Ben' content of our competition we're also giving away vouchers for a months supply of Ben & Jerry ice cream, plus a packet of Uncle Ben's long grain rice.

To win one of these bentastic prizes, simply answer ten Ben questions.

1. What did Ben Sherman invent?

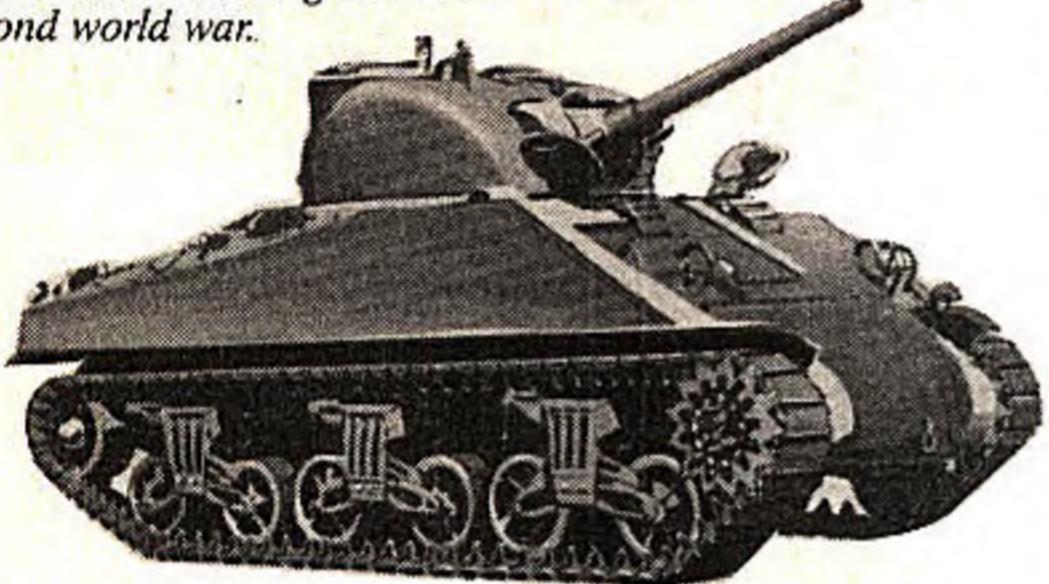
(a) The 34 ton American army tank of which 48,000 were made during the second world war.

3. Who was Ben, the subject of Michael Jackson's sentimental 1972 pop hit?
(a) A small boy.
(b) A small boy with a sore arse.
(c) A pet rat.



4. What did Mockney speaking working class comic Ben Elton receive as a gift from his parents after he passed his 'A' level exams?
(a) A new bike.
(b) A watch.
(c) A house in Hampstead.

5. In the shit seventies remake of The Thirty Nine Steps, gone downhill lately Jesus actor Robert Powell



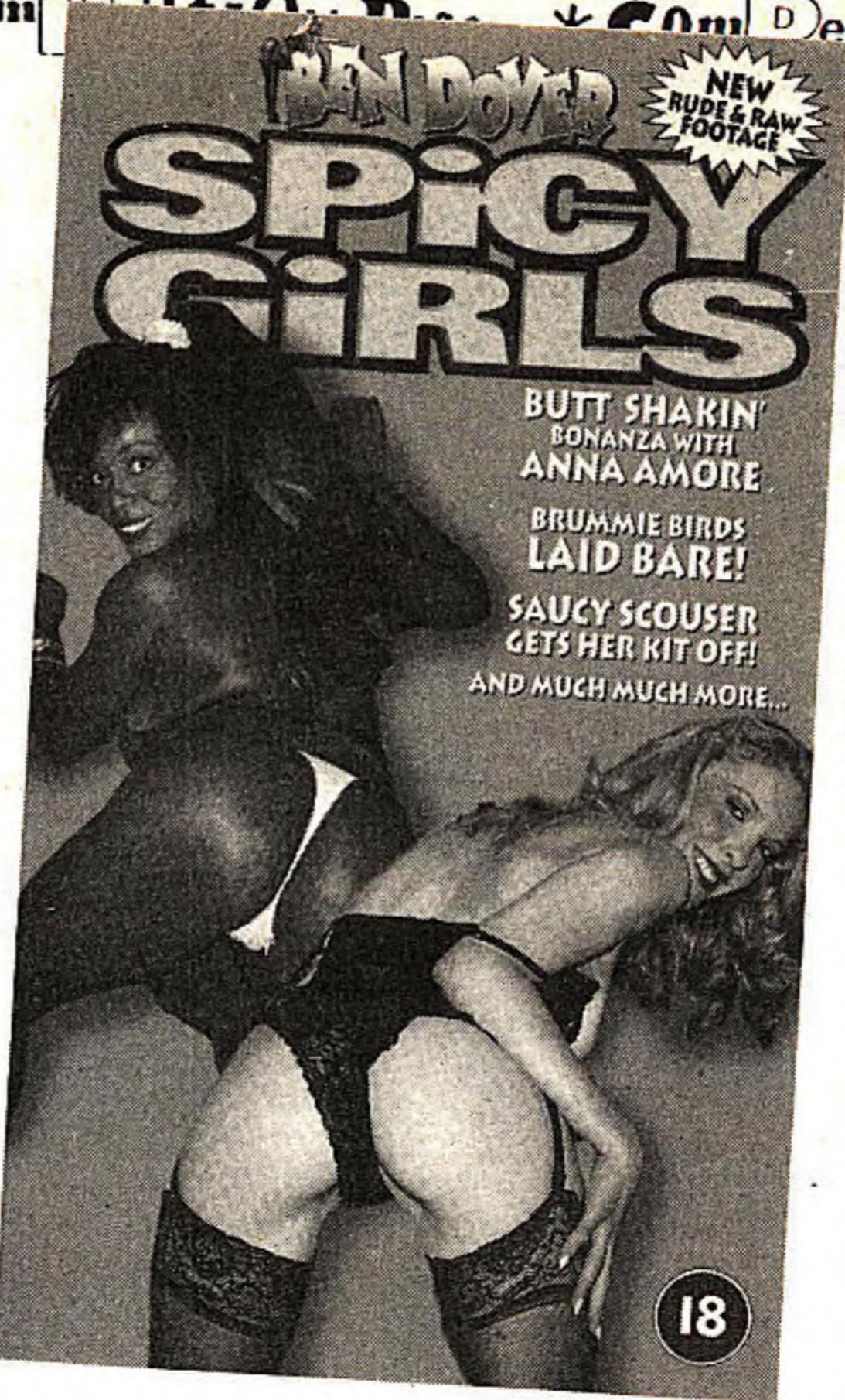
(b) A shirt for skinheads.
(c) The sixties 'Monkees' type pop group Sherman's Shermits.

2. What was Ben Turpin famous for?

(a) Inventing turpentine, the alcoholic drink for tramps.
(b) Being cock eyed and having a big moustache.
(c) Founding sixties 'Monkees' type pop group Turpin's Termites.

- ended up dangling from the top of what?
(a) Ben Nevis
(b) Big Ben
(c) St Steven's Tower

6. Actor Ben Murphy was half of which famous television partnership?
(a) Alias Smith & Jones
(b) Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)
(c) Steptoe & Son



7. Swivel eyed, pipe chomping, tea fuelled former fighter pilot turned loony lefty diary scribbling veggie MP Tony Benn's middle name is also a kind of posh plates. What one of these posh plates is his middle name?
(a) Willow Pattern
(b) Wedgwood
(c) Royal Doulton



8. What would Mr Ben, no relation, the children's animated cartoon character voiced by frizzy haired Big Deal gambloholic Robbie Box, aka real-life actor Raymond Brookes, do if he was feeling bored?
(a) Visit the public library and take out a book.
(b) Visit the public lavatory and take out his cock then stick it through a hole in the wall (just in case the Bishop of Durham was in the next cubicle).
(c) Visit the fancy dress shop.

Win a BEN Dover video, some BEN & Jerry ice cream and a pack of Uncle BEN's rice!

they make much nicer flavours too.)

10. How did dastardly chariot race cheat Victor Mature try to beat Ben Hur in the film of the same name?

- (a) He put spikes on the hubs of his chariot wheels.
(b) He painted a tunnel entrance on a solid rock wall and waited for Ben Hur to try and drive his

BEN & JERRY'S.
ICE CREAM • MADE IN THE U.S.A.

*chariot into it at high speed.
(c) He ordered a pair of rocket skates which arrived in a large wooden crate from the Acme mail order company.*

Your answers, marked 'Ben', should arrive no later than by in about six weeks from now, now being January 23rd. The three highest scorers names will go into a hat, and the three prizes will be drawn out at random.

Post your entries to: Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

Or fax them to: 0191 281 9048

Or e-mail: web@johnbrown.co.uk

ISSUE 88 WINNERS

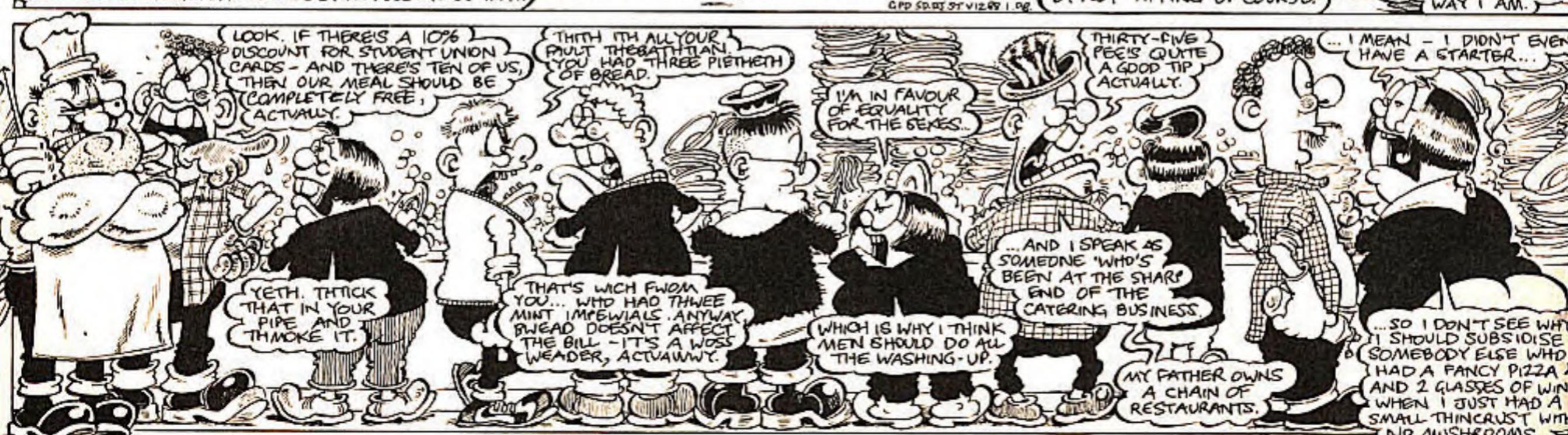
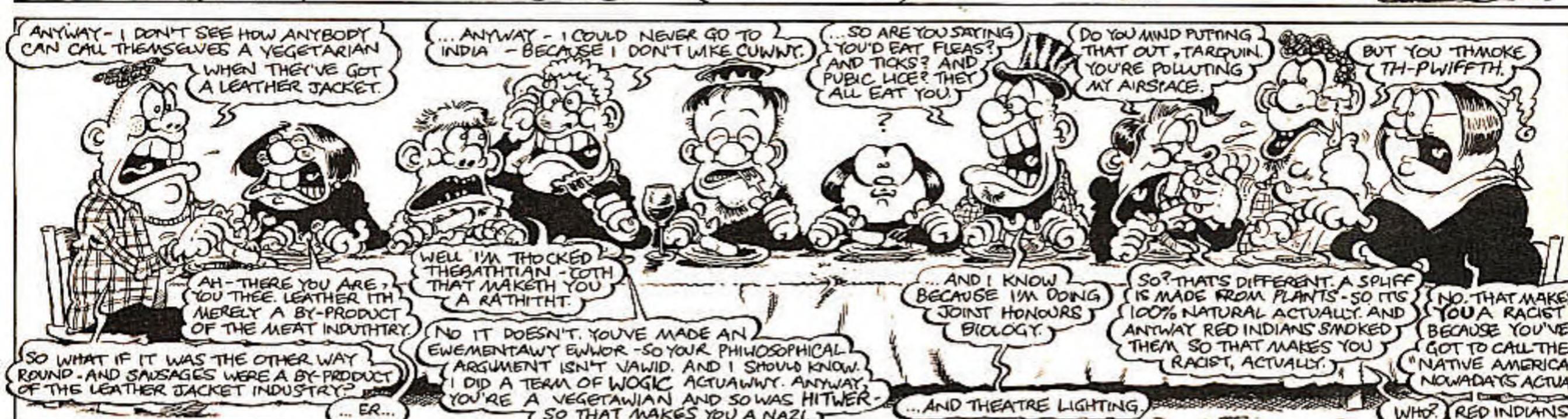
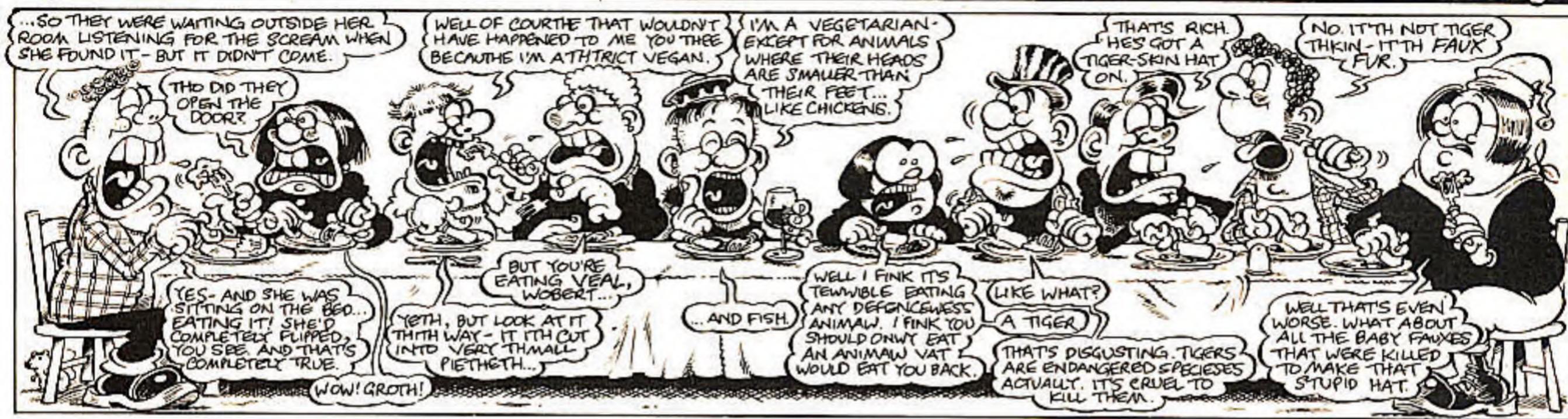
FULL TOSS

Got them all right: RH Buck, Bristol. Peter Davis, Isle of Wight. T Wright, Lincoln. Y Sadowski, Essex. Phil Glass, Leeds. R Teague, Bristol. E Parry, London. Mick Baker, Havant. DM Marcus, Hove. Paul Alexander, Scarborough. Stephen Parkin (No address). Stephen Amott, Enfield. Linda Haworth, Manchester. Billy Darlington, Manchester. Emmett Gill, Tyne & Wear. Nigel Clark, Leatherhead. Mike Haworth, Manchester. Mr RP James, Kent. Gary Davis, Sheffield. Neil Howiston, Morecambe. Got some wrong but won anyway: Paul Andrews, Birkenhead. Ian Yates, Lancs. Harry Derbyshire, Greenwich. Mark Brockbank, Barrow. N Worthington, Macclesfield. GB Hughes, Bangor. M J Farmer, East Sussex. Amanda-Jane Parker, Wolverhampton. Pete O'Reilly, Preston. W Lothian, Gateshead. Mr A Tull, Stratford. S Hugill, Horley. J P Salt, Norwich. Brian Reynolds, London. Emma Poole, Guildford. PGM Designs, Swansea. James Vernon, Warwick. N Talbot, Woking. Tim Benbow, Oxford. GJ Campbell, Wembley. Richard Warner, Corley. Mike Derham, Cork. Lisa McGreevy, Cheshunt. D Westlake, Hayes. John Robb, Birmingham. Kay Oakes, Colchester. Simon Wingfield, Cambridge. S Forsythe, Bradford. Huw Jones, Banbury. Ian Harrison, Runcorn. Jon Camp, Derby. J P Mather, Manchester. Phil Seldon, Chippenham. L Ellison, Horsham. Bill Thackray, Addington. Ian Cuff, Poole. Jex Cole, Skelmersdale. Barrie Bradshaw-Bingham, Tyne & Wear. David Fawcett, Canada. Jason Wilkins, Hammersmith. Neville Kenyon, Enfield. DM Hush, Tweedmouth. R Ward, Northallerton. Mike Painter, Harrow. Mr S Hendry, Edinburgh. Chris Jones, Wallasey. Chris Jones, London. M Rollo, Dundee. Peter Finch, Chelmsford. Mr L Deakin, Nottingham. Dave Harrison, Manchester. R Kay, Headington. Tim Whelan, Manchester. Paul Ives, South Croydon. Julian Bignell, Stonehouse.

SHITMAS

Mr G Kenworthy, Preston. Carl Whitworth, Huddersfield. Richard Easton, Rothbury. Nigel Clark, Surrey. Ian Walmsley, Glossop. Ryan Mills, Essex. Simon Egan, Wolves. Simon Northcott, Torquay. Greg Pritchard, Burnwood. S Tomlinson, Cumbria. Brian Ireland, Belfast. Garry Keay, Canterbury.

STUDENT GRANT!



Posh society bird Sarah Canute-Bennett had met boyfriend Paul on a skiing holiday in Switzerland. Handsome and charming, he seemed too good to be true. But Sarah knew only too well the pitfalls of holiday romance, and the question on her mind was....

Sarah was delighted when Paul agreed to meet her father. But Mr Canute-Bennett had high hopes for his daughter, and wasn't impressed by Paul.

Will you still love me... tomorrow?

Oh Paul, tell me you'll love me forever, and that we'll never be apart.

Sarah decided to ask her best friend Kate for advice.

I don't know if he really does love me. He seems reluctant to commit himself.

Of course I love you Sarah.... It's just that, I don't want to make any promises that I can't keep.

Hmmm. Perhaps it's worth a try.

Why not invite him round to meet your dad? He'd only do that if he was really serious about you.

Sarah. I think I'd better have a word with you... outside, in private.

What the hell are you playing at? He's a snowman for Christ's sake!

So what? What difference does it make what colour he is... or what he's made out of?

Are you out of your mind? What are the neighbours going to think?
I don't care about the neighbours. I love him, and that's all that matters.

You love HIM? A bloody good for nothing idle snowman!

No daddy. You're not being fair. Paul's not like that.

I know his type. They're all the same. I'm having no snowmen in my house, you hear me? I want him out!

From the next room Paul couldn't help but hear Mr Canute-Bennett's cruel tirade.

Sorry Sarah, but I think I'd better go now.

Yeah, get the hell off my property!

No, please Paul. Don't go. Daddy didn't mean what he said.

And if I ever catch you near my daughter again, I'll knock your bloody block off!

No Paul... please! Come back. Don't leave me...

Sarah ran to her bedroom and cried herself to sleep, hoping Paul would ring and say he still loved her, hoping when she woke it would all be a dream...

Booo-hoooo-hoooo! Sniff! Boooo-hoooo-hoooo!

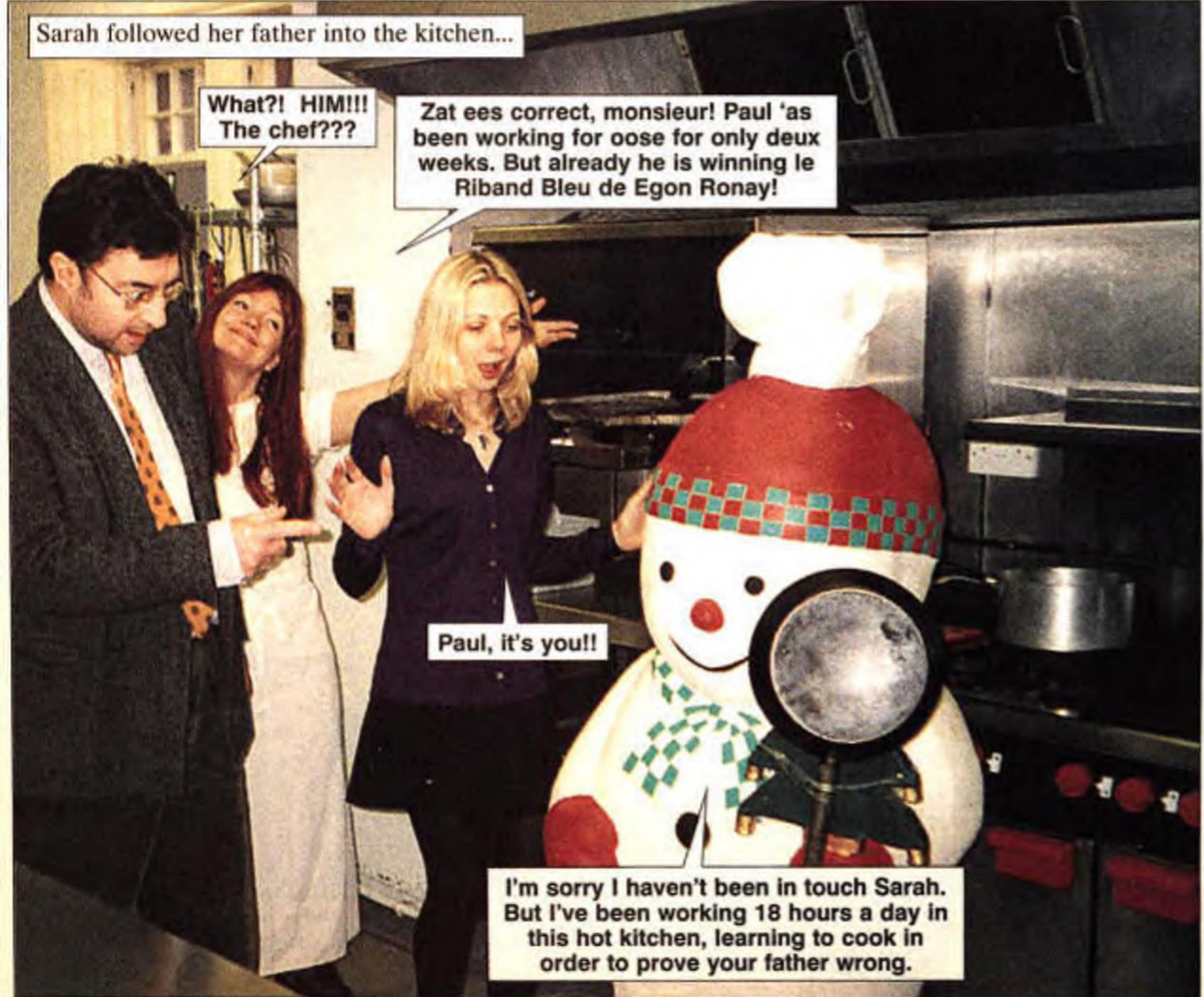
Booo-sob-hooo-sob-hoooo! Booooo-hoooo-hoooo!

Yes I bloody well did. Go on... clear off!

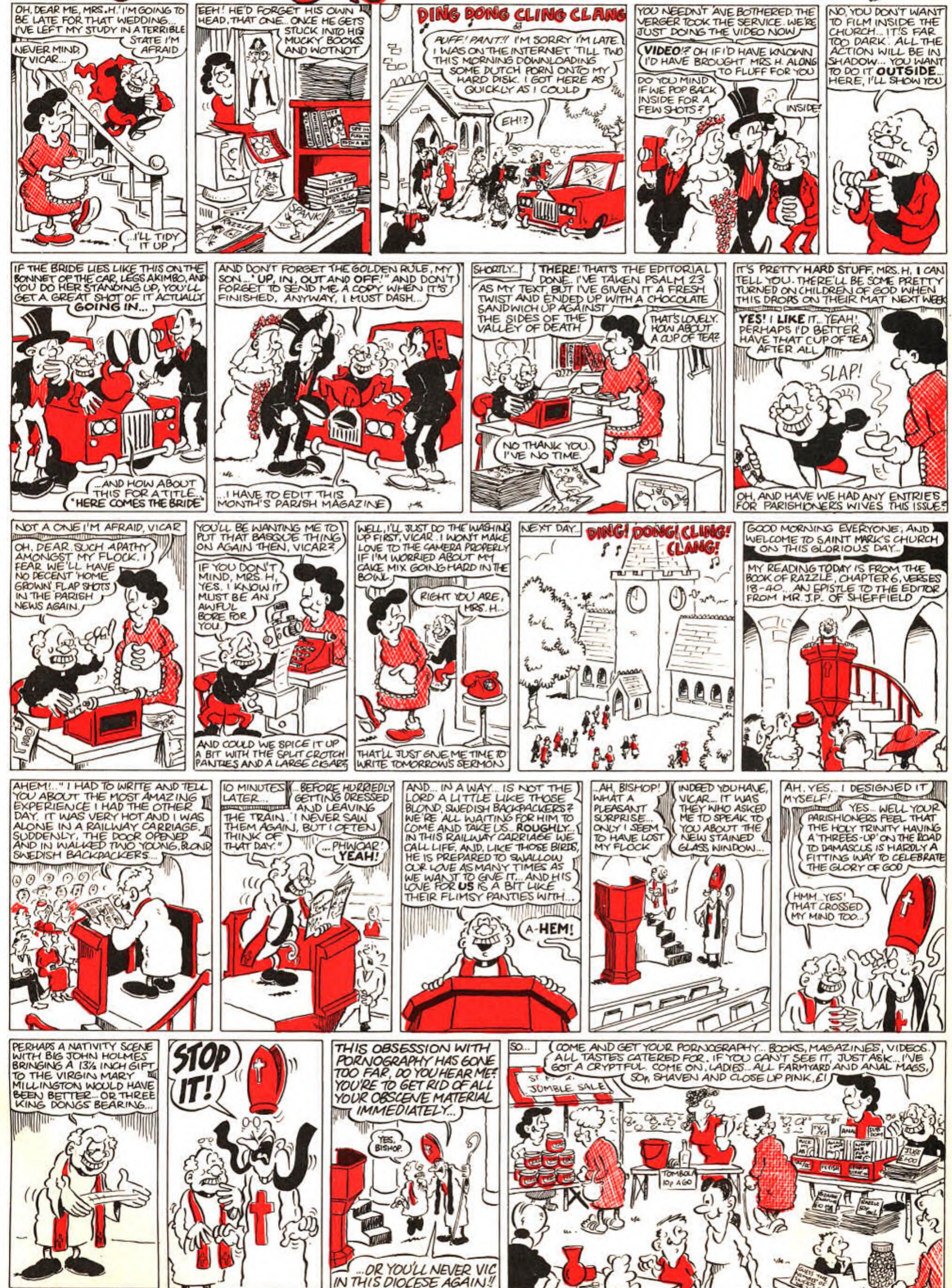
I'm sorry Sarah. Goodbye.

But the phone never rang, and when she awoke the next morning her snowman was gone.

For two weeks Sarah refused to talk to her dad. Then one day he invited her out for a meal.



Porn Again Christian

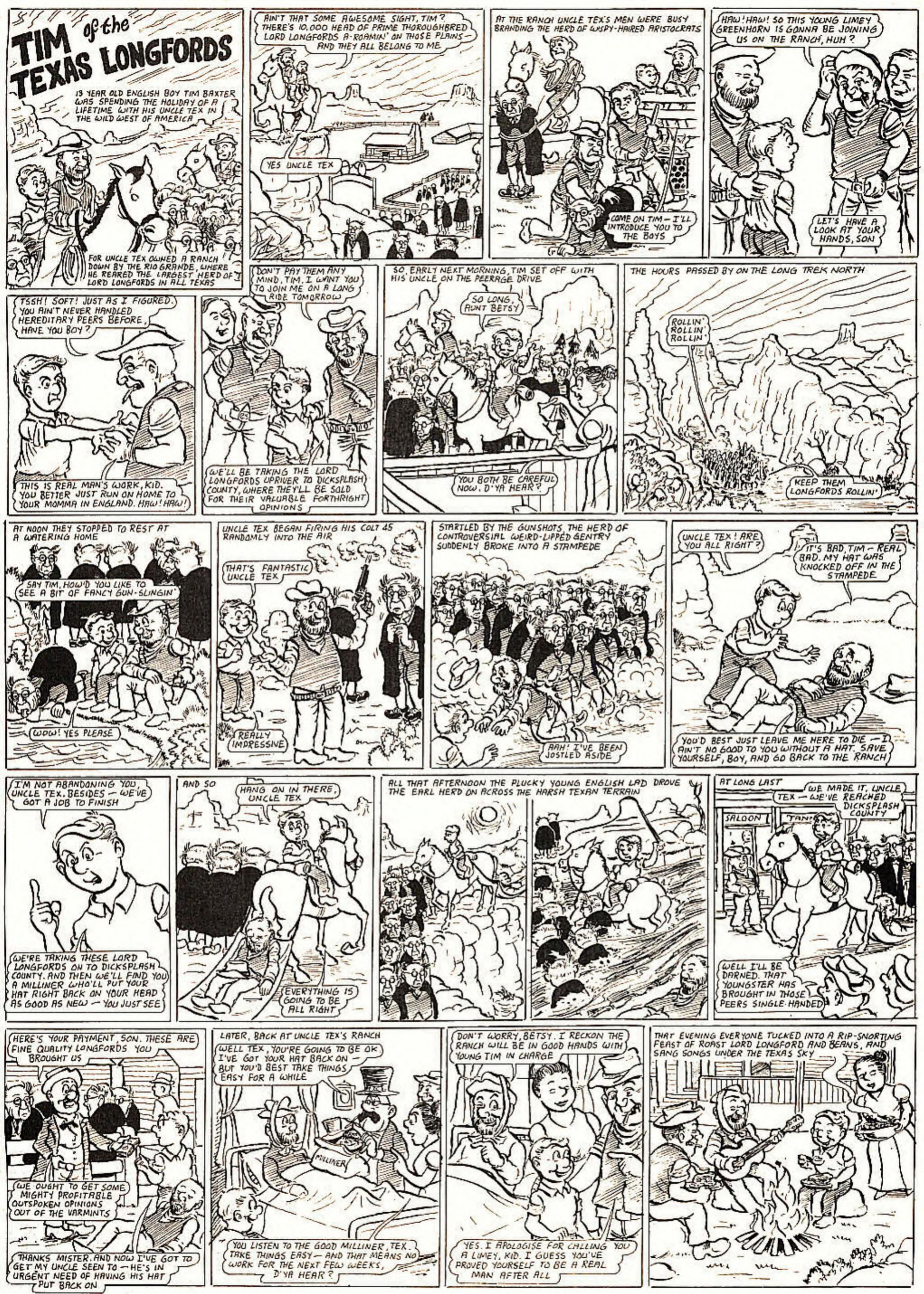


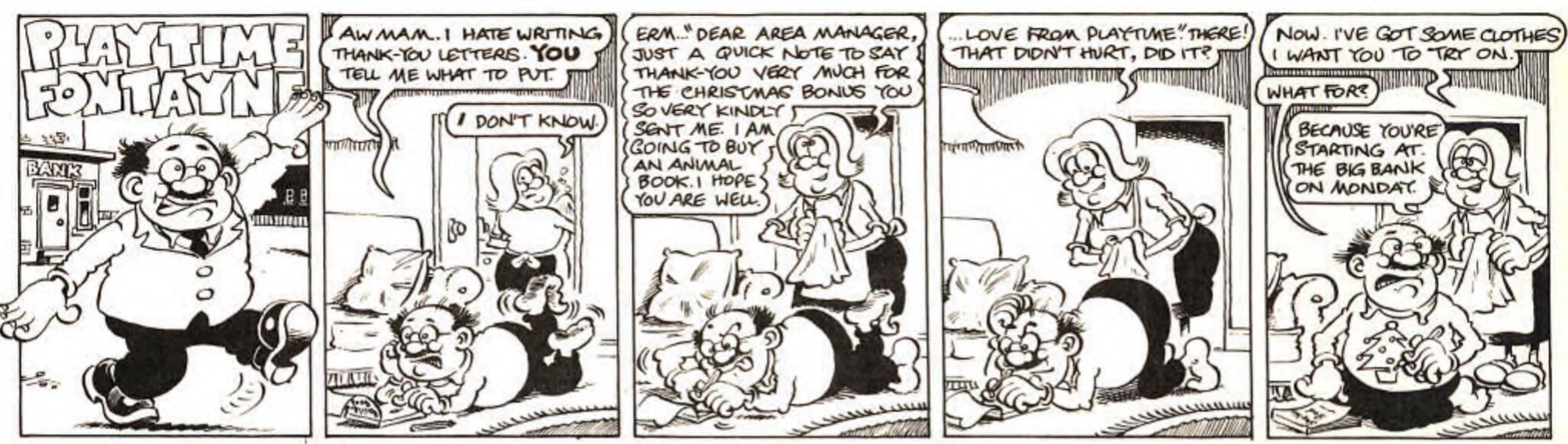
THE SEX PAPER

TIT OF THE LADS!

TINESIDE'S SILVER-TONGUED CAVALIER







8ACE VIZ'S THIRSTY FAMILY MAN

